THE

MODERN ORLANDO.

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RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

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THE

MODERN ORLANDO:

A Poem.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

Second Edition.

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PREFACE.

THIS poem first appeared several years since, and as it was published without the writer's name, he amused himself by dividing its parentage among the literary celebrities of the day. The *ruse* was common, is legitimate, and was *unrevenged.* It produced no belligerency of either pen, pencil, or pistol, and the few stanzas in which it was practised, are suffered to remain, as the trophies of a bloodless field.

I had been reading Ariosto, and had felt the general delight in the picturesque vividness, airy elegance, and brilliant invention, of the Italian—in my conception the greatest poet of Italy in its greatest day. I contend with no man, or woman, on this subject, or, perhaps, on any other; I leave the stern sublimities of Dante, to those who can understand (which no *Italian* now can) a language,

as obsolete, cramped, and obscure, as a cenotaph of hieroglyphics. I leave the intolerable love-making of Petrarch, to those who can find the language of passion in the elaborate artifices of sonneteering; I equally leave the heavy embroidery of Tasso, to those who can feel raptures in a procession of cardinals, or the pomp of a melodrame; but for the music of language, variety of conception, and delicious fancy, I turn instinctively to the great master of the Cinquecentisti.

I here allude to him only as a poet. His morality is that of Italy, in all the past, and as it will be in all the future, until men cease to deposit their consciences in the hands of confessors. The truest champion of his fame would be, an *Edizione Castigata.*

Those familiar with Italian literature know the distinction of the three great classes — the Trecentisti, the Cinquecentisti, and the Scientisti. The first the age of Dante, the second the age of Ariosto, (whom the Italians still call "Divino,") the prince of the Augustan age of modern Italy; and the third, an age when the governments lost the vigour, extravagance, and genius of their republics. The literature

began to degenerate with the liberty, and they thenceforth became purists, jurists, economists, and *slaves*.

It was originally intended, to prolong this poem to a ramble through Europe, and touching on its principal cities, characteristics, and scenes, thus to have wandered from north to south, and from east to west. Other circumstances, however, intervened; more imperious duties compelled the intermission; yet, I, even now, with some reluctance, break off a plan, which might have offered an animating pursuit, amused the leisure of others, and perhaps supplied not the least valuable among the refreshments of my own mind.

G. C.

London, *January*, 1855.

NOTICE.

The Reader will have the kindness to correct the following

ERRATA.

In stanza xvi., canto 1,

for Having of seasalt drunk my full proportion,
read Having of surge and seasalt drunk my potion.

And in stanza xviii., canto 1,

for Playing the fool in languages unknown,
read Playing the fool with many an honest groan.

With any other which he may find "quas incuria fudit."

THE

MODERN ORLANDO.

"Travel! travel! travel! The mind stagnates at home. The flower dies unless it is transplanted. Hear all things—see all things—write all things, and write them on the spot. Give the world your thoughts, fresh, fast, and fair, as they come. Make your pen a pencil, your ink colours, your paper a canvas, and Nature your sitter. Say what you think; tell the truth,—and fear not. Cherish woman, and castigate man. Be bold of heart, quick of eye, and pleasant of tongue. Carlo mio—where then is the true poet to be found. By the Madonna, I know not. Let the world, which decides every thing, decide that too. *I* follow none,—I ask none to follow me. This is the only boast of your friend Ludovico.—Farewell! may all the Graces hover round your pillow, Carlo mio."

LETTERE SCELTE, v. 2.

A few notes of reference are given at the close of each Canto.

THE PROLOGUE.

Loved Ariosto! *May* I follow thee?
What if the day is done, of steel-clad knights;
If blight has fall'n on Fancy's blossomed tree;
If Queen Titania and her blue-winged sprites
No longer sing on Midsummer sweet Nights;
If minstrels ride no more on fiery dragons;
If Caliphs' daughters take no genie flights;
If *now* man's only flying things are waggons;
Yet *will* I take *one* draught from thy rich-jewelled flagons.

Why do I write?—'Tis only as I breathe;
'Tis to obey an instinct, impulse, will!
'Tis *not* to catch the poet's fleeting wreath;
'Tis to discharge my heart of thoughts that *thrill*.
I write, as down the mountain rolls the rill;
Down it *must* roll, however wild or tame—
Whether my verse the world's wide trumpet fill,
Or die at once, to *me* 'tis all the same;—
I write not for the world, for lucre, love, or fame.

But "Poetry is dead; gone down, for ever!"
So say all gentlemen in gouty shoes.
Is she?—Such whimpering puts me in a fever;
"I 'll buckler thee against a million," Muse.
What care I for the chain-shot of reviews;
'Tis true, of *Turks* the world was *rather* tired;
A *leetle* weary, too, of "tails and trews!"
Some Bards were in Australia, *some* were "hired;"
In Judges some were swamped—in Bishops some
inspired!

Poets, awake! throw off your grandam's clothes;
Disdain to live upon the dead;—break ground:
Leave classic plunder to the men of prose;
There *is* a world beyond the "poet's Pound;"
Nature and soul alike exclaim "Look round!"
Genius is but ORIGINALITY!
Let babes and babblers in their swathes be bound;
Give freedom to the heart, the hand, the eye:
Minds feeding on the dust, in dust shall live—and *die*.

So,—let the gone be gone; the past be past.
Must *we* go tottering on their stilts, for ever?
Does not *our* life-blood flow as free and fast?
Must we be chained to tombstones? Never, never!
Is not Ambition still Life's golden lever?
Is not the world one fiery-wheeled machine?
Poets, awake!—your rusty shackles sever:
The times are rich and ripe, to shift the scene,—
Then—welcome the New Age, Court, Cabinet, and
QUEEN.

Who am I?—Do I wear a pilgrim's scallop,
Albanian kilt, or knightly mail and casque?
Guess me, (thy torment Jonathan!) *the* Tr—ll—pe;
Or stately Lady Emm—l—ne, *en masque;*
Or, (if the world should further deign to ask,)
Make me a wit, and call me Bl—s—ngt—n,
(Taking our wicked Tory times to task;)
Or Lady L—nd—nd—rry.—So think on!
Then shines my lucky star, my laurels all are won.

Am I Bavaria's Monarch?—Czar?—Czarina?
Or Louis Philippe?—(all your Kings *now* write)—
Or Lady M—rg—n, with a new Glorvina?
(The lonely star of Ireland's stormy night).
Sm—th? M—re? or Br—gh—m, still flashing left and right;
Or *Aid-de-camp,* upon the Prince's Staff!
("Visions of glory! spare my aching sight!")
Or, man of mirth and mitre, old Ll—nd—ff?
I leave the wondering world *its* secret, and *my* laugh.

Or, if you think I 'm lively Lady Ch—rl—tte,—
The world will like *my* "Anecdotes" the better;
Read by all "gentlemen," from black to scarlet;
Or, Mrs. A—st—n, charming in black letter;
Or gentle M—yn—rd—I 'm the more your debtor.
Or, think me Mrs. N—rt—n, the tenth Muse,
Binding all bosoms in her golden fetter!
(One whisper more,—now, make me what you chuse)—
I'm Ariel!—my cloud waits,—so, take my last adieus!

THE

MODERN ORLANDO.

CANTO I.

THE YACHT—THE PIRATE OF THE ARCHIPELAGO—BOULOGNE — ANGELIQUE — PARIS — THE LOUVRE — THE THREE MONARCHS.

I.

Must all earth's idlers harp upon one string?—
"Rome a Mosaic fragment of the sky!"—
"A Naples Winter—worth a London Spring!"—
"Ye Goths! once visit Naples, and then—die!"—
Elysium but a type of Italy!
Here, "Tiger," pack my passports and valise.
Let who *will* bear the taunt, so will not I,
While Monsieur Joinville *deigns* to give us peace;—
(Steam and six hours, if *dark*, must break old England's lease!)

II.

Let Exquisites and Envoys take the packet,
I leave the milksops to their three hour's fright;
'Scaping that *hospital*, with all its racket,
I by the Southern railroad take my flight
To *my* sea-paradise, the Isle of Wight!
There the Yacht Squadron lies, at single anchor;
All pennants loose—I know no prettier sight;
When London smoke begins the soul to canker,
Or when one's *last* account comes *wafered*, from one's banker.

III.

THE YACHT.

I have a friend, a rambler like myself,
Who *hates* to hear the Channel surges bellow,
Wears at his button-hole, not *even* the Guelph!
Envies no living "admiral of the yellow,"
Detests your red-faced, rough, sea-going fellow,
Knows in St. James's every saint and sinner,
In all the Mayfair mysteries is mellow;
Yet, keeps a yacht, a famous gold-cup winner,
And gives his town allies a sofa, sail, and dinner.

IV.

But, let me show you to the " Captain's " berth,
The cabin, where he rules " en vrai Sultaun,"
Circled with " small necessities" of earth;—
The hookah's fragrance through the crystal drawn,
The high-life novel (read with many a yawn;)
And, glittering round the little sea-boudoir,
Enamelled pistols, daggers Ottoman;
For billets-doux, an ivory Escritoire.
With fifty bijou things, too long for my " mémoire."

V.

Buhl tables, strewed with trinkets and *virtu*,
Carrara marbles on consoles, around;
Some " Chalon" portraits, exquisite, though few,—
(The names, of course, a mystery profound!)
A soft Æolian's sentimental sound,
Breathing at every whisper of the breeze;
All ruder tones by silken curtains drown'd.—
The little round of little luxuries,
Which make a yachtman's life a *little* at its ease!

VI.

Then comes the dinner (*à la* Clarendon),
Covers for four (all yacht-men dine off plate,
Though, for dessert, the Sèvres still is "ton.")
Soup, turtle,—dinner on the board at eight.
(Two Frenchmen, two Italians, on us wait.)
Then chasse-café, a glass of iced champagne,
Johannisberg, from Metternich's estate;
Lafitte, just sipped, to cool the wines of Spain.
Thus life is roughed at sea. "Britannia, rule the main."

VII.

But, now the breeze awakes—the anchor's up.
Smooth as a fish, beside the beach we glide,
Lounging on deck, till comes the hour, to sup.
How pleasantly the yacht just *feels* the tide!
Then takes a stretch, and sweeps the waters wide;
While sink the lights along the lessening shore,
Till the last murmurs of the land have died,
And the surge glitters, like a starry floor—
And yet—an evening sail may *sometimes* prove a *bore.*

VIII.

THE ARCHIPELAGO.

Pray, reader, have you seen a naval action?
If so, I need not tell you, 'tis no trifle.
Once in my life, I had that satisfaction,
And heard enough of carronade and rifle,
Closed by a bath, that might a seahorse stifle.
But, to my tale.—'Twas on a summer-night;
The world and sea were smooth. I had no wife ill,
Was *not* in love or debt; my heart was light—
Just the last man, and hour, to *choose* a pirate-fight.

IX.

The moon was sinking softly behind Cos,
Like a sultana, couching on the sea;
I lay on deck, to see her beams emboss
Bright mount, tall minaret, and fruit-hung tree.
Anon came, slyly stealing up our lee,
A dark, long-sided, rogueish-looking thing;
But not a sound was heard of gloom or glee:
She swept around us with a sullen swing,
As round the pigeon sweeps the falcon on the wing.

X.

The "maiden moon" soon brought us to a check,
Played a jilt's trick, and left us in the dark.
The boatswain piped "all hands"—all stood on deck:
Up went the signal-lanterns;—not a spark
Shone, stem or stern, about our neighbour bark.
"No answer?—Try a shot, and get her range."
We heard our twelve-pound message reach its mark,
She still kept wearing, looking shy and strange,
When, all at once, out burst her broadside in exchange!

XI.

This settled all our qualms; we blazed pell mell,
Loading and firing, till our guns were hot.
Our gallant ship all smoke, the air all yell,
The sea around us, like a witches' pot,
Boiling and bubbling. Still, in that same spot,
Stood the black pirate, pouring in her fire;
Round, grape, and all the "regulation shot,"
As thick as any tourist might desire;
Both roaring, as I've seen old Ætna's flaming spire.

XII.

But now, the gale (at first we were becalmed)
Came on, in gusts that ripped the sea in foam.
The two bold brawlers mutually *salám'd.*
Each bark—smoke-covered, like a glass-house dome.
Home came our topmasts, happy to "get home,"
The broadsides snapping mast and shroud, and sail.
(*I* made a vow, in Greece no more to roam.)
Still crashed the grape, the musket shower'd its hail,
And bellow'd o'er them all the thunders of the gale.

XIII.

"Boarders, be ready!" was the captain's word.
"That bark is ours.—Blue jackets, to the poop!"
Up went the helm. With pistol, pike, and sword,
We jump'd upon her deck at one fell swoop.
A pleasant sight we had——*There* stood a troop
Of ev'ry villain face, from Pole to Line,
Greek, Arab, Negro, a delicious group!
In front, their pikes—below, the magazine;
Above us, storm—around, the black and roaring brine!

XIV.

Yet things *will* happen 'twixt the cup and lip:
The bark was scarcely boarded, when a blaze,
That show'd we should make little by our trip,
Was clearly making way among the stays.
(Our own good ship had vanish'd in the haze),
While every freshening gust renewed the flame;
And thus, instead of prize-money and praise,
Cinders or sharks seemed doom'd to end our fame.—
Well, chance is all in all; the world is but a game!

XV.

'Tis true, the sea was round us, cool enough;
But what, except a grampus, there could live?
Our ship had now come back, and tried to luff,
Dipping and dripping like a Lapland sieve.
I felt my time was come to roast,—or dive!
So, made a speech, not long, but somewhat pithy:
"My lads, these rogues have smoked us from their hive,
This deck will soon be burning like a smithy:
Take my advice, and swim; here goes, good luck be with ye."

XVI.

With that, I plunged, five fathom deep, in ocean;
And rose, half choking, on a mountain billow,
Having of sea-salt drunk my full proportion.
There lay I, tossing like a weeping willow,
With some three hundred on the self-same pillow,
Thinking of our black bed-fellow, the shark;
(With, now and then, an ancient peccadillo:)
But, soon to heaven shot up a blaze; and, hark!
A roar of gunpowder:—good bye to the bold bark!

XVII.

You may presume, that I was haul'd on board:
Or else the wondering world had lost my story.
I never told it since—(I've sheathed my sword:)
I hate your "long-yarn people," whig or tory.
I leave De Joinville all *my* naval glory;
Wishing him only where *I* was that night,
Battling with burning wrecks and surges gory;
Much doubting if my skin were water-tight.
His laurels are to come—I've had *my* pirate fight.

XVIII.

BOULOGNE.

Now to the world again! We ran up Channel;
Dropped anchor in thy surge of mire, Boulogne;
Saw Bond-street "*émigrés*," in gout and flannel;
Saw heroes, to their tailors *too* well known;
Saw Cheapside exquisites "performing" *ton;*
Saw, in his second childhood, dear John Bull,
Playing the fool, in languages unknown;
Trying with sour Medoc his cares to lull;
Yawning from morn till night, loose, lazy, shrunk, and dull.

XIX.

We rambled round the *sights*—The horse-pond bay,
Where rotted thy last fleet, Napoleon;
Laughed at thy Pillar, trophy of child's-play!
Ordered our bill and britchska, and were gone:
Stumbled o'er fifty leagues of ruthless stone;
Saw women, priests, and *horses*, on their *knees;*
Heard our postilions howl on the trombone;
Breathed villainous tobacco in each breeze,
And swallowed "old champagne," fresh made, from last year's lees.

XX.

"On, on,"——I hate to linger in my journey;
Dash down the valley, gallop up the hill!
I'd rather spend an hour with my attorney,
Marry a "philosophe," or make my will,
Than, when I've once got under weigh, stand still.—
What spires are these, just gleaming in the noon?
We reach and rouse thy streets, old Abbéville—
What dome is rising, like a brick balloon?
The Invalides'——Day sinks—we gallop by the moon!

XXI.

A Paris moon! burlesque of the sublime;—
And yet, when shining on some quiet shore,
When airs are sweet and soft, in summer-time,
And scarce a sail is seen, or heard an oar;
And those, whom once we loved, yet meet no more,
Seem passing, like the cloud before the wind;
Forms, buried long, within the bosom's core;
Fond memories, in our heart of heart enshrined—
Moonlight, I own, that thou art pleasant to my mind.

XXII.

In Gallic travel, one meets many a wreck,
The once proud mansion of the great and gay,
Which still some remnants of old splendour deck.
But, one I passed this evening, dim and gray,
(Seen, not unfitly, by the moon's pale ray;)
Its last, lone turret peeping from its grove;
Crushed in the storm of France's furious day.
Which had a story, with some thoughts inwove
Of that strange, vanished thing, by old Romance called Love!

XXIII.

ANGELIQUE.

Within those walls, now, fifty years ago,
Lived the old Maréchal, Marquis Delorange;
Proud of his rank, his lineage, and château;
Yet prouder of his Angelique—his "ange!"—
The star of all the country's gay mélange;
His daughter—woo'd by many a noble neighbour,
But, laughing at the thought of love or change;
With step as light, as ever danced to tabor;
Untouched by all the "charms" of coronet and sabre!

XXIV.

Young Angelique was like a morning rose,
Bending and blushing in heaven's brightest dew;
Her cheek, that loveliest of all cheeks, which shows
Each feeling in its ever-changing hue;
The ringlets round her sunny forehead flew,
Like the rich cloudlets of a summer sky;
The *heart* was in her glance of heavenly blue;
A guileless heart, that never knew a sigh;
Gay as the springing lark, or new-winged butterfly.

XXV.

But "what is written," says the Turk, "is written."
Sweet Angelique, to her intense surprise,
Grew dreamy, silent, seemed to feel care-smitten—
Whether it came from sonnets, or from sighs,
Or the deep lustre of love-lighted eyes,
Sole birthright of a gallant soldier's son.
His father slept beneath Italian skies,
Covered with laurels; victory was won;
But—the heart-broken wife and orphan were undone!

XXVI.

They met at last; the world was strewn with roses!—
The lover rushes to the "Grand Château,"
Falls at the Maréchal's feet—his soul discloses!—
The father calmly strikes the mortal blow;
"Sir," said the stately Noble, "you should know,
My title is not *older* than Charlemagne;
My rentes, a million francs!—both, much too low,
For such a splendid specimen of man!
Pray, when did you last build your '*Châteaux en Espagne?*'"

XXVII.

As if a thunderbolt had dropt before him,
The frantic lover darted from the room;
The pangs of humble birth and fortune tore him;
That haughty sarcasm had pronounced his doom.
The whole wide world was now a den, a tomb!
Fire in his heart and frenzy in his brain,
He wandered sleepless through that midnight's gloom,
Raving at fate, that gave him life in vain;
Longing to die, and yet—delighting in his chain!

XXVIII.

Why are the heart's young visions so unstable?
The legend tells us—"souls were formed in pairs,"—
('Tis Plato's tale—too pretty for a *fable*)—
They, hand in hand, descend th' Olympian stairs,
Each finding at the foot *its* "pack" of cares.
They part, and roam the living world around!
Some meet again; the prize of life is theirs!
More stray—their kindred spirit still unfound—
Till, in Elysium's bowers, their marriage rite is crown'd!

XXIX.

Next morn, the youth before his mother knelt,
And asked her blessing, and his father's sword;
Her gushing tears upon his forehead felt—
Then, wildly flew to join the fiery horde,
Which France, like lava, on the nations poured!
Reckless of life—to die, his sole desire;
Wherever sabre clashed, or cannon roared,
He rushed, in bitterness of shame and ire;
Foremost in every field, in toil, and flood, and fire!

XXX.

Those, too, were times of wonder—Simplon's ridge!
Blasted with battle, drenched with blood, like rain;—
And the red massacre of Lodi's bridge—
And the fierce charge of Alessandria's plain—
When France's chieftain, like the comet's train,
Filled the pale land at once with fear and flame;
When sank in blood the Austrian's eagle-vane;
When the crowned Lions of the earth were tame;
And Europe's withering heart but echoed one wild name!

XXXI.

But, those were days of woe to Angelique—
The smile from her delicious lip was gone,
The rose had perished on her gentle cheek
She loved but one, and she had lost that one!—
Her father fell, in battle for the throne!
Then came the tidings—ere the tears had dried,
Shed from her heart upon his burial-stone—
"Her lover, by Vienna's walls, had died;"
Making his funeral-bed in Danube's gory tide!

XXXII.

Time smooths the heart, as water smooths the stone—
(By *wearing* it away!) Years flowed along;
Sweet Angelique, left helpless and alone,
Too soft for struggle, too unknown for wrong,
Borne on the current of life's nameless throng;
Was wedded, widowed, wandered climes afar;
Yet, in her lonely soul one pulse beat strong,
Twas for her gallant boy—her young hussar—
Now, following to the North Napoleon's fatal Star!

XXXIII.

One eve, a horseman galloped to her door,
To tell her—"that her son was doom'd to die!"
She wept not—fainted not—she heard no more!
But, in a mother's love, and agony,
She braved the wilderness, the war, the sky—
And found him in his dungeon, sad and pale.
She sat beside him, till the night passed by;
The world, to them, was nothing in the scale—
And there she wept, and prayed, and listened to his tale.

XXXIV.

" He loved his General's daughter, and was loved,
(The tale was often checked, in grief and shame)
" He sought her hand; his passion was reproved;
" Her haughty father scorned his humble name!
" Then, in the hour of frenzy and of flame—
"(Would he had perished in some gallant field!)
" He challenged his superior!—Trial came—
" The Emperor's sentence, Death!—his doom was sealed!
" Next morn—his agonies of heart should all be healed."

XXXV.

'Twas dawn.—The drums were heard, the arms unpiled.
The mother to the victim's bosom clung;
Kissed him, then rushed away; faint, lonely, wild:
Veiled from all eyes.—No sound escaped her tongue,
Till at the General's feet her form was flung:
There she implored in vain;—yet still implored.
" Must her last tie to earth be lost—so young,
So brave, so guiltless; by the troops adored?"—
Still sat the stately chief, as rigid as his sword!

XXXVI.

Yet spoke he soothingly, though stern and grave:—
"Her son might live, could bravery atone
An act, no Earthly discipline forgave.—
His suit, too, was presumptuous,—birth unknown;—
The world was never made for love alone;—
High honours to high birth were best allied;
A general's daughter yet might share a throne."—
At once she knew him—wildly rose, and cried,
"And thou—hast *thou*, too, known the scorpion sting of Pride?"

XXXVII.

He started;—there was memory, in the tone!
(How swift flies back the heart through many a year!)
The veil was, in her anguish, upward thrown—
The form that oft had filled his dreams, stood *there!*
He heard the voice, once magic to his ear!
(Time, and the world, *may* check our smiles or sighs;
Nay, Passion's self forget its early tear:
But, say what will the wisdom of the wise;
In hearts of noble mould, the *first* love *never* dies.)

XXXVIII.

Few hearts have *never* loved; but fewer still
Have felt a second passion; *none* a third!
The first was living fire; the next—a thrill!—
The weary heart can never more be stirred;
Rely on it, the song has left the bird!
—All's for the best.—The fever and the flame,
The pulse, that was a pang; the glance, a word;
The tone, that shot like lightning through the frame,
Can *shatter* us no more:—the rest is but a name!

XXXIX.

And Angelique looked lovelier yet, to *him*:
Her beauty seemed, by suffering, refined.
(War and the World might dazzle, yet not dim,
The glance, that saw the loveliness of mind;
Beauty, with tenderness and thought combined.)
He *felt* the mournful grandeur of her eye,
As, statue-like, she stood—all hope resigned;
Gazing on Heaven—still murmuring, like a sigh,
With pale and quivering lip—"Oh! *must* he, *must* he die?"

XL.

She turned away:—he clasped her marble hand;
His heart was young as ever;—all was o'er!—
He was her lover in her own sweet land!
The struggle of some desperate day of gore,
Had flung him, wounded, on the Danube's shore;
Chance rescued him; he fought his way to fame.—
Her young hussar was saved!—I know no more,—
But, *two* fair brides, one morn, to Warsaw came:—
Ye heroes and hussars, I wish you all—the same!

XLI.

PARIS.

Paris, thou strangest thing, of all things strange;
Young beauty, superannuated flirt;
True to one love alone, and that one, Change;
Glittering, yet grim; half diamonds, and half dirt:
Thou model of—two ruffles and *no* shirt!
Thy court, thy kingdom, and thy life, a game;
Worn out with age, and yet, by time unhurt;
Light without lustre, glory without fame,
Earth's darkest picture, set in Earth's most gilded frame.

XLII.

Gay spot! where all the world is in a hurry,
Rambling, and scrambling o'er thy pavements stony.
Gay spot! where all Earth's idlest idlers bury
Time, trouble, cash, and conscience, *chez Tortoni*—
Thy mob, the genuine northern Lazzaroni.
I say no more of thee, (I scorn to quote)—
All Europe's troops have been thy Ciceroni!
The Bashkir bowmen have thee all by rote;
I merely pause, to give one Louvre anecdote.

XLIII.

THE THREE MONARCHS.

Reality has often its romance!
Who can forget that "Soldier's" year "Fifteen?"
When Waterloo "closed all accounts" with France,
And Paris was one huge theatric scene,
Crowded with dukes and "Highnesses serene;"
Where kings and kaisers daily trod the boards,
And every second woman was a queen,
And all was crowns and sceptres, cannon, swords!
Thundering and trumpeting—all Lifeguards, Hosts, and Hordes!

XLIV.

'Tis true, poor Jean-François was in a rage;
And grinn'd most terribly—(behind our back):
What then?—we let him chatter in his cage,
And gave him for his keeper the Cossack.
Then was *the* sight,—the Boulevard bivouac!
All—tents, guns, banners, blue, and red, and green;
Austrian and Prussian, Tartar, Russ, Polack,—
(Like the first Act of Schiller's "Wallenstein")—
All nations come, to pay their "visit to the Seine."

XLV.

One morn, the honest, homely King of Prussia
Called on the Emperor Francis, for a stroll;
And dropping in upon their brother, Russia;
Found him at Véry's, at his chop and roll;
And having settled all, from Line to Pole—
Proposed to spend *one* half hour at their ease:
So, slipping Chiefs of Staff, and Grooms of Stole,
And tempted by the summer sky and breeze,
They sauntered, arm in arm, to see the Tuileries.

XLVI.

They found the Louvre open, and walked in,—
Unknown; three quiet, plain, blackcoated men!
All there, as usual, bustle, crowd, and din!
A tide of peasant, soldier, citizen!—
To force the passage, was no trifle, *then;*
For, all before them was the world's "tenth" Wonder!
(Long since all buried in its monkish den.)
The world had never seen such brilliant plunder;
I think, to strip it was, a more than Gothic blunder!

XLVII.

What, if Napoleon robbed some craven throne;
The sitter, first had sold himself to shame;—
(*I* should have mulcted him of flesh and bone!)
Now, all is gone to darkness, whence it came;
To cowls, and cobwebs!—Well, the world's to blame!
I only wish, that I could give ye wings,
Or sweep ye on some whirlwind car of flame,
Back to my gaze again, ye glorious things!
Now, I must hunt ye out, 'mid monks, and monkish kings!

XLVIII.

(Not, that I mean to break through my decision,
Never to talk of picture-galleries,)
But, *then* the Louvre was no earthly vision;—
Such lovely nuns! you almost heard their sighs;
Such pontiffs! (all the Popedom in their eyes;)
Such monks! with heavenward looks, (which monks had never!)
Such nymphs! as glowing as their own Greek skies;
Such chieftains! made to ride and rule for ever;
One scarcely drew one's breath,—'twas all gasp, flush, and fever!

XLIX.

And then, what alabasters, bronzes, marbles!—
All bursting on you, in one gorgeous glare.
(Pencil or pen the witchery but garbles)—
The eye and mind were all one dazzled stare.
Or, as you rushed, half fainting, to fresh air;
Just *then*, some face, of such deep loveliness,
Beamed from its canvas, that it fixed you there!
Some "Dama," with bright eye and jet-black tress,
Jewelled, and grand!—I love that old Venetian dress!

L.

Then, the Apollo !—splendid !—which the Pope
Offered to give us.—My beloved Allies,
I should have wished you all (in Heaven, I hope !)
Ere *I* refused, like Castlereagh, the prize.
(Alas ! the wisest are not always wise)
I should have taken him, with all my soul !
The Venus, too, found favour in my eyes ;
Dimples and all !—I loved her, every mole !
Dianas, Graces, Nymphs !—I should have grasped the whole !

LI.

As rambled the three Sovereigns up and down,
They met a *rather* puzzled English squire,
Who, thinking them three tradesmen of the town,
Asked them all questions, to his heart's desire :—
" Who painted this gay dame, or that old friar ?"
At last, when fairly tired of picture-frames,
He said,—" I 've now but one thing to enquire ;
You have been civil, give me your three names :
I 'll send you each some trout, when next I fish the Thames."

LII.

"You speak," said one, "to Frederic, King of Prussia;
Now, keep your secret, stranger, and retire."—
"I," said the next, "am—but the Czar of Russia."
"Better, and better still!" laughed out the squire.
"Friend," said the third, "I own, I'm nothing higher;
Than Austria's Emperor!"—"The moon's at full!"
Their hearer roared; "*I'll* not be in the mire!—
I'm better than your best!—I'm *no* John Bull!
Good morning, lads! Ha! ha! *I* am the Great Mogul!"

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Page 3, line 1.

Loved Ariosto.

In this Poem the "Imitation" is confined to the miscellaneous nature of the great Italian's immortal work. Ariosto introduces frequent episodes; but his subject is wholly of the chivalric ages, and his episodes are chiefly legendary. Unfortunately, the fine harmony of his southern tongue is less capable of being followed by northern imitation.

Page 4, line 4.

I'll buckler thee against a million, Muse.

"I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate."—*Katherine and Petruchio.*

Page 7, line 2.

Rome, a Mosaic, &c.

"Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra." "Vedi Napoli, e poi, muori." Common Italian phrases.

Page 7, line 9.

Steam and six hours.

See the pamphlet by a French prince of the blood, menacing Invasion. It will be remembered to his Royal Highness, and *forgiven,* in the next "Emigration." Twickenham is still open.

Page 8, line 12.

Not even the Guelph.

The most modern order of knighthood.

Page 9, line 2.

Sultaun.

The Turkish pronunciation.

Page 11, line 10.

Behind Cos.

A pretty island, once much infested by pirates.

Page 13, line 3.

Salámed.

The Eastern word for bowing and salutation.

Page 16, line 12.

Laughed at thy pillar.

Napoleon's monument of the "conquest" of England, which he never visited but as its *prisoner*. It remains the most solid burlesque in existence. Any nation but the French would have pulled it down long ago, from the mere sense of ridicule.

Page 20, line 9.

Châteaux en Espagne.

"Castles in the air."

Page 22, line 1.

Simplon's ridge, Lodi, &c.

The scene of Napoleon's first and most brilliant campaigns.

Page 28, line 11.

That "Soldier's" year "Fifteen."

1815. The most memorable epoch of the century.—The year of Waterloo; of the final fall of Napoleon; of the second entrance of the Allies into Paris; and of the restoration of the Bourbons.

Page 30, line 9.

A more than Gothic blunder.

This opinion is given, merely on the point of European convenience. On the point of policy, there can be no doubt whatever that the "Great Duke" was right in his pithy remark. But, with respect to Napoleon's original seizure of the Italian galleries, all men have long since given up the sentimentality formerly expressed on the subject. As conqueror, they were his. If they were worth defending by the Italians, they ought to have been fought for by the Italians. They were the prize of victory, and the most magnificent of all prizes. Their effect on the vanity of the French populace was incalculable; and it was upon this vanity that Napoleon's whole system of both war and peace was founded. Tyrant as he was, he thoroughly knew *French* mankind.

CANTO II.

THE CAFÉS—LA CUISINE—THE PALAIS ROYAL—THE MOB—THE JOURNEY—THE CHAPLAIN.

I.

THE CAFÉS.

Paris, farewell! I take my final rounds,
Among the "*Restaurants:*" adieu Vatel.
('Tis true, one should be rather strong in pounds,
To touch him; but the very name 's a spell;)
You have your oysters, perfect—in the shell;
Your "sixteen soups,"—your turbot *à la crême;*
Your custard, worthy of an abbot's cell;
Your venison, *royale*—ortolan, *supreme.*
Your *Macedoine*—the whole, as dulcet as a dream.

II.

How *very* few on earth know *how* to dine!
The vulgar take their dinners by the carte;
A meal, with *them*, is—"Meat washed down with wine,"
But dining *rightly*, is a mental art,
Or senti-mental,—an affair of heart!
Ah, quelle pâtisserie! the "*Rose d'amour*"
Gives the true flavour to your Mango tart;
Then comes your Mocha coffee, hot and pure:—
Call for your slice of Pine, and finish with Liqueur.

III.

But, make the tour.—The *Rocher de Cancale*
Still bears the bell for oysters, and champagne;
There no gilt gimcracks desecrate the *salle*,—
Its pride is to be, plainest of the plain.
Man *there* "knows better things," than to be vain!
If gilded Cafés charm you, try the "*Paris!*"
You have it there on pillar, post, and pane.
Where at the bar, ('tis said,) once sat Dubarry,
Too fond of liberty, old Louis Quinze to marry.

IV.

Reserve for night the "*Trois Frères Provenceaux*,"
The Palais Royal's glory; the *Trois Frères*
Rivals the world for *rognons* and *noyeau*.
There from the Opera rush prince and peer—
With every tongue of earth that splits the ear—
From the iced Wolga to the sunny Po;
Magyr and Yankee, Meinherr and Mynheer,—
The Polish sneeze, Greek scream, Turk, Esquimaux;
Babel let loose again, all jargons in full flow!

V.

THE TUILERIES.

The Theatres?—They 've long lost *caste* in France!
They are *canaille!*—A Tuileries' Ball-night
(None but the Deputies, and *badauds*, dance)
Is, for mere "Spectacle,"—a prettier sight.
You see along the vista, left and right,
(As nurserymen arrange their hot-house blooms)
A thousand belles, all framed and glazed in light;
Dazzling your glance along the endless rooms,—
A Cytherean cloud of chaplets, pearls, and plumes!

VI.

"Enter,—the king!"—(the signal for quadrilling)
His Majesty comes, smiling upon all;
With (ball-room) love and loyalty all thrilling.
Then, sounds the trumpet—"Supper in the Salle!"
By Jove! the weakest *then* soon find the wall.
Nature is nature *then;* and life *is* life.
(One always feels *so* famished at a ball)
Nothing subdues Romance like, fork and knife:
Belles look on Beaux, and Beaux on Belles, like "man and wife."

VII.

LA CUISINE.

Depend upon it, in all "leading" nations,
The *character* is in the cookery.
Why do the British make such tough orations?
Why *must* the Frenchman chatter, skip—or die?
Why growls the honest German, like his sty?—
Beef-steaks, Frog-soup, and Sourkrout, are the cause!
His Olla swells the Spaniard's soul and sigh!
The Russ takes pattern by his own "bear's paws!"—
Trust me—the *civilized* are modelled by the jaws.

VIII.

Cooking, the earliest of man's master-arts!
So tells us the old gay Deipnosophist.
Kings first displayed their talents, in their tarts,
Long before pensions swamped the Civil List.
Old Ossian's breechless Monarchs of the Mist
Were famous hands at haggis and at haunch,—
Ere Jonathan (Earth's phœnix!) brewed "gin-twist;"
Ere Whigs were slippery dogs, or Tories staunch;
Or Frenchmen hunted frogs, upon thy shores, La Manche.

IX.

Bless thy five finger-tips, old priest of Jove!
The art's inventor—As, one day, he turned
The sacrifice, without his sacred glove;
It slipped, he caught it slipping, and was burned!
(Instinct, we know, is never to be spurned,)—
He sucked his scorching paw, the pang to cool,—
(His name in pyramids should be inurned)
The taste was rapturous!—*he* gave the rule—
"The priest, henceforth, who eats cold mutton,—is a fool!"

X.

I wish I had thy dashing pencil, Homer;
To paint those gallant demi-gods, the Greeks,
(To call them *men*, is clearly a misnomer,)
Thy groupe of chieftains, cooking their beef-steaks;
Each, with resplendent eye and glowing cheeks,
Watching the sacred moment of the broil;
Old Nestor, dropping in the salt and leeks,
Achilles, butlering the wine and oil,
Till, round the golden dish, they laughed at Troy, and toil!

XI.

Confucius potted lap-dogs——But, I hurry
(I hate procrastination,) to the Roman.
(The East, besides, is weak, in all, but curry.)
Cæsar, 'tis known, would trust his soups to no man,
Mark Antony, though he "lost the world for woman,"
Was *cautious* of his Cleopatra's stews.
Rome, till she fell before the Northern bow-man,
Though, at her best, not equal to ragouts,
Challenged the world at shrimps, and wild-hog barbecues.

XII.

Rome fell;—and France took charge of the *cuisine;*
Monarchs may fade, but eating lasts for ever.
The crown of Europe lies in the tureen,
(So said Richelieu, who, for a *priest,* was clever.)
What 's Fame?—a cheat! and Love?—a three-day fever!
Pass a few years, our passions slide away;
But never man shall break the sceptre, never!
Which La Cuisine waves o'er us, grave or gay;
So long as man is doomed to eat four meals a-day.

XIII.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

I have a *passion* for those huge old buildings,
That bear their story stamped on every stone;
With all their sculptures, brasses, dusty gildings—
Reliques of knaves who made, or marred, a throne!
Monarchs and mistresses,—(some, fools full grown!)
Here ruled Richelieu; here scowled the Thirteenth Louis,
(Two craftier rogues the world has seldom known.)
Here danced, (by woman all his life *ébloui,*)
Old France's model-king; old Maintenon's saintly *roué.*

XIV.

Quatorze! I've seen much better men henpecked;
Heroes—who dared not call their souls their own!
Great orators—by one small whisper checked!
Stern Statesmen—mute as mice, before that throne,
Where sat supreme their wedded "flesh and bone!"
All, *managed* by the "weaker vessel's" glance,
The easy menace of the well-known tone.
Their haughtiest chivalry there drops its lance,
Long taught, that in such fields their chargers *must* not prance!

XV.

Not, that the lady flogs, or starves, or kicks;—
The thing is done by slow, but *sure*, degrees;
Just as your doctors their potations mix,
Or, like the Frenchman's recipe for fl—s.
"You tickle dem, dey laugh, and den, you seize,
And den you drop your powder in deir jaws!"—
Or, as the lawyer first "puts in his pleas,"
Then, for your hanging, gracefully "shows cause;"
Then, leaves you to the judge—who leaves you to the laws!

XVI.

And *here*, too, had its throne the Sovereign Mob!
Here, on the crown the rabble sabre clanged.
Rise, preachers of the "Rights of Man,"—to rob!
Rise from your dust, ye headless, and ye hanged!
Beneath these very lamps Marat harangued;
Upon this shattered bench stood bold Danton.
They trampled, and were trampled,—adders fanged!
France danced around them blackening in the sun!
I wonder, *when* its next *galop* will be begun.

XVII.

Those were the days of *business!* Earth has slept,
Wrapt up in furs and follies, since those times;
When pen and ink the trembling kingdoms swept;
When sabres sliced the globe, by zones and climes;
When Germany's old clocks all learned French chimes;
When patriot cobblers gave the world their "Codes;"
When "Vive le peuple!" was the rhyme of rhymes!—
Till Laureats prosed once more their "Birthday Odes,"
And came the humdrum age, of Czars and Nesselrodes!

XVIII.

I always bet on thrones;—they fall, like cats,
On their four paws!—they 'scape, like ducks, by diving!
Or, like your old cathedrals—spite of rats—
Ten centuries of purple deans surviving!
Nay, like your bankrupts, by their ruin thriving!—
While commonwealths, however free and furious,
Are smothered, once for all; like hornets hiving!
Paying for power an interest usurious,—
Blood, cent. per cent.! I leave the problem to the "curious."

XIX.

I think republics are, like London fires,
Got up, to help your "men of parts" to rob!
The blaze burns out its fuel, and expires,
Just by the time the rogues have done the job,—
(A fact at which I have no heart to sob!)
Then, comes the Course of Nature, and a king!
As sure as Moslems love a hot *kabob*.
The lucky knaves get rich—the luckless swing!
Thus runs this mill-horse world, in one eternal ring!

XX.

THE JOURNEY.

'Tis morn, bright morn! Now rings the railway bell!
(You always choose the first-class, if you 're wise—
A sixpence less may lay you in your shell!)
The whistle screams,—away the convoy flies!
Dark forests, sunny hills, before me rise;
Still the fleet fire-horse gallops, snorts, and roars!
Plains vanish round me—flit above me skies!
I dart o'er rivers—plunge in tunnel-bores!
Counting the old slow leagues of lazy France, by scores!

XXI.

Roads are a modern folly! your bold Greeks
Dashed right ahead,—up mountain and down dale;
Your ancient Britons, full of love and leeks;
Your Highland heroes, famed for war and kale;
Your grand Crusaders, strapped in holy mail,
All marched, and fought, and robbed by waggon-loads;
Before the world saw either road or rail!
Yet, what is life? says Lopè,—"Roads, roads, roads!"
(I give the Spaniard's hints for Oxford's next "prize odes!")

XXII.

Love, (for example,) is a road of flowers;
(A creed in which *I* am a true believer;)
Marriage, a sunshine road, with some *few* showers;
Philosophy, (a road *I* travel never!)
A palisadoed pathway for the "clever;"
Glory, an uphill road, with turnpikes many;
Ambition, a rough road, now frost, now fever;
Wealth, the sure road of every foreign zany,—
(Thy pickpockets, John Bull,—slim dancers and *soprani!*)

XXIII.

Paris, adieu! I breathe *free* air, at last!
I spare the "gentle reader" my reflections,
As round the "Grande Enceinte" my glance was cast,
With its fierce Fifteen cannon-mouthed erections—
Those fifteen charms for popular "affections!"
"After her fever" Paris will sleep well,
The St. Germains will have no more "detections,"
The St. Antoine will melt its tocsin-bell;
The mob turn monks, and France be one huge convent-cell!

XXIV.

Adieu!—we fly by many a grim château,
(Those things are showy, only in a novel,)
In front, of withered elms a scrambling row,
Where gipsy-donkeys graze, and beggars grovel—
The building's self half prison and half hovel;
A long, bare wall, a sloping shattered roof;
A *porte cochère*, forgotten by the shovel;
An avenue unmarked by wheel or hoof:—
It wants no rough gendarme, to bid *me* keep aloof!

XXV.

Well may Old England boast her good old Mansion—
Cheerful yet stately, on its lake's broad marge;
(All, on the old-world system of expansion,
Where everything, including hearts, was large;)
A lawn, where half the "household troops" might charge;
A court-yard filled with groom, and horse, and hound;
A fountain, where an Admiralty-barge
Might swim, or half the parish might be drowned—
Health, wealth, and plenty stamped on everything around.

XXVI.

Of course, I had my share of fellow-travellers,
Of every *caste* and colour, shape and *stare!*
(Women of all earth's riddles are unravellers:)
A widow at my elbow (passing fair!)
Whispered the secret story of a pair,
Who just had joined us, in a gay barouche,
The lady handsome, (with a sobered air;)
The man tall, thin, (a parson, by his slouch,)
Yet, with a humorous eye—a quiet scaramouch!

XXVII.

THE CHAPLAIN.

A Curate lived ten years in Lancashire,
Preaching on Sundays, patching weekly strife;
Making his humdrum rounds from squire to squire,
Finding in every house a fork and knife,
But no one ever offered him a wife.
Though daily leading dozens to the altar,
His case was plain,—a bachelor for life!
Hymen for him twined not the "rose-wreathed halter
When lo!—a huge dispatch, one morning, from Gibraltar

XXVIII.

It told him, he was "Chaplain to the Rock,"
The salary a "thousand pounds a year!"
As if the world had picked his patent-lock,
The tidings flew like wild-fire, far and near;
That he *must* marry, instantly was clear!
Parades, balls, picnic-parties, saffron skies,
Were instantly in every heart and ear!
The Curate, to his infinite surprise,
Found his lone state assailed by shoals of "pitying" eyes!

XXIX.

Nothing could equal his astonishment,
At this soft dissolution, or love-thaw!—
Where had this flood of feeling all been pent?
Why, wore young romps such looks of tender awe?
Why shrews, in velvet sheathed the cat-like claw?
Why, flirts grew timid?—faith was found in jilts?
Why, matrons' wills to maidens' wits gave law?
Why, rival belles, with hands upon their hilts,
Where'er the Curate came, abjured their mutual tilts?

XXX.

Still, on he went, unconscious of the reason;
Stuffing with books and shirts his old valise.
His cassock was the friend of many a season,
But, not a soul had played the aunt or niece,
To put on the old sarsenet a "new piece!"
His surplice, too, gave signs of many a rub;
His gown had nearly run out its long lease:
When hark! beside his door, a huge hubbub—
Babel in petticoats!—the "County Spinsters' Club!"

XXXI.

The "President" performed a speech, all smiles;
The "Secretary" sighed a—"Resolution"
That "as he soon must leave the British isles,
The 'Spinsters,' true to 'Church and Constitution,'
Had voted him a general contribution!"—
A set of robes, of genuine mazarine;
A surplice, that would stand a life's ablution:
Never had country church such cambric seen;
The "*trousseau*" would have charmed a chaplain to the Queen!

XXXII.

He bowed, *they* curtseyed, sighed, and slipped away;
Each shooting from her eye a Parthian arrow.
The robes before the grateful Curate lay;
He thought his old valise was growing narrow.
Again, a knock!—a porter with a barrow;
Who hung forthwith upon his kitchen hooks
The youngest-born of Lady Bull's prize-farrow!
Another knock!—three belles, with three "*blue*" books,
(The rector's daughters,) begged his "photographic" looks.

XXXIII.

Morn dawned in red, eve died in purple gloom;
Still, at his cottage door were heard the knocks;
The presents now had scarcely standing-room.
In poured fresh pigs, fresh pullets, tamboured stocks;
The prettiest desks, with Cupids on their locks;
Jams, pickles, sea-sick nostrums, netted purses;
Landscapes, with worsted shepherds and their flocks;
Tracts for all sins—nay, patent-spoons for nurses!
(Hints of that state, where all—for "better, or for *worse*," is.)

XXXIV.

As time grew short, the presents came in quicker:
Never ate Curate such a round of dinners;
Turtle his daily soup, champagne his liquor,
At whist, without a trump, his cards were winners!
Never did saint convert so many sinners!
Bright glances in Madonna caps were furled;
Pretty coquettes did penance in lawn pinners:
All round the county, ringlets were uncurled;
Girls "of *all* ages" cut this ultra-wicked world!

XXXV.

The Curate much enjoyed this kind of life,
Venison, says Grimod, "*est de bonne comestion*,"
But, still, he had not fixed upon a wife.
The point was, *now*, to make him "pop the question,"
Before his Reverence died of indigestion;
For, though in both the *blue* and *red* Professions,
An Alexander would have shot Hephæstion,
For tempting Spinster's eyes to—"indiscretions;"
The *black* are free of lead; steel mulcts not *their* transgressions.

XXXVI.

At length, came one, to whom the Curate's eyes
Had raised, in earlier days, their distant glances;
As boys will gaze on stars in evening skies.)
The lady-fair had laughed at all his trances;
Yet time had scarcely cooled his old romances.
The handsome girl was now a showy widow,
Well jointured, first at dinners, plays, and dances;
She dropped Queen Bess at once, took up Queen Dido;
Made up her mind, to wed—and pounced on "Pastor Fido."

XXXVII.

She owned—"she *always* wished to be his wife;
Not that *she* cared an atom for the clime;
Where every sort of idleness was *life*,
And six battalions only killed the time;
In fact, *she* thought those things a *kind* of crime!"
The Curate whispered, "Wait for the Gazette,"
A thought with which "her feelings scorned" to chime.
(The spinsters at him making a "dead set,")
They married!—"Rosebud Bower" was instantly, "to let!"

XXXVIII.

She wrote to the Horse-guards; her pile of trunks
Lay ready-corded for the famous Strait,
Which sweeps with scornful surge the "Land of Monks;"
Her bandboxes had grown a steamer's freight!
"No answer yet! That Post was *always* late!"
The answer came; 't was courteously expressed:
"His Grace's compliments,"—"was grieved to state,
"That the appointment was some coxcomb's jest!"
Who made it, ne'er was known—perhaps the Curate *guessed.*

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Page 38, line 2.

Adieu Vatel.

Not the celebrated publicist of Dresden, but the celebrated cook, who, having omitted salt in one of the soups which he had sent up to his noble master's table, ran himself through the lungs, and died a sacrifice to the honour of the profession. (See Madame de Sévigné's condolences.) His fame has outlived that of many a hero:—it is fresh after a hundred years,—and flourishing in one of the most showy establishments of Paris.

Page 38, line 17.

Once sat Dubarry.

The memorable Countess Dubarry. Beginning her career in circumstances at once the most humble and the most notorious, she at length became the Sovereign of the Sovereign; finally perishing by the guillotine. Strangely unlucky! even her vices could not save her in the Revolution.

Page 41, line 2.

The old gay Deipnosophist.

Athenæus the Egyptian; called by the ancients the Greek Varro. The moderns would have called him the Greek Boswell.

Page 41, line 9.

La Manche.

The Channel.

Page 41, line 10.

Old priest of Jove,

The authentic origin of the mutton-chop.—See Pliny.

Page 42, line 4.

Thy group of chieftains.

All the heroes of the Iliad cooked their own rations. Napoleon thought that "cooking was the true element of conquest." Wel-

lington said of Indian war:—"That bullocks and rice gained the battle." Both high authorities. The roast-beef of Old England has been the root of many a laurel. It has a right to complain of not having a place in the National Arms.

Page 43, line 10.

The Palais Royal.

The Palais Royal, built by Cardinal Richelieu; for some time, the residence of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. It afterwards became the property of the Orleans family; and, as the central promenade of Paris, was the chief scene of mob movements, at the commencement of the Revolution.

Page 47, line 17.

Yet what is Life? says Lopè.

Lopè de la Vega, the most voluminous author of Spain, the wittiest, next to Cervantes; and the most rapid in the world. He wrote a play a week, and a poem a day: with now and then a three volume novel, to fill up the time! Lopè presents a contradiction to the theory, that poets should begin young. He commenced authorship close on fifty; but he had the true education for a national poet. He had seen life in all its most showy varieties; had been familiar with the Spanish Court, at the time when, under Philip the Second, it led Europe; was traveller, soldier, seaman; but, at length, as if to see life in a totally different aspect, he turned Franciscan! then turned fool, and starved himself into saintship, and out of the world!

Page 46, line 16.

A hot kabob.

A mutton-chop.

Page 48, line 13.

Fifteen cannon-mouthed erections.

The fortifications of Paris against itself.

Page 51, line 1.

"the Rock."

The common name for Gibraltar.

Page 54, line 11.

"Venison," says Grimod.

Almanach des Gourmands.

CANTO III.

THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU—THE GRAND VENEUR—THE PALACE—TALLEYRAND—THE WIDOW—NAPOLEON'S CHAMBER—PORT VENASQUE—MONT D'OR—CLERMONT.

I.

Mine is no Clio, stalking from the study!
My Muse must be a sister of the Graces;
A *little* wild perhaps,—rose-cheeked (*not* ruddy)—
A summer-bird,—a fawn in all her paces,
Darting her brilliant eyes in all odd places;
Yet, *capable* of tears,—just *one*, or two,
(Such drops as eve on closing blossoms traces)
That tell you of the tender and the true,
But, mark, no *floods* for *me*; mine must be bright—and *few!*

II.

Tourists! observe—if you would fill *my* shelves,
I care not sixpence for Madonna's eyes:
Feed me with facts, give pictures of ourselves.
I tire of "Raphael's grace," and "Titian's dyes!"
Annihilate, for once, your "orange skies;"
Give me, however rough, the stamp of life,
The hearts strong throbs, the soul, without disguise.
(N. B.)—*No* history of your child, or wife;
With such I am at war—aye, "even to the knife."

III.

Give me live men and women, thoughts and things;
No sentiment—(to turtles leave their cooing)—
No politics; I honour all Earth's Kings,
(Nor care this ink-drop, what they all are brewing;)
No scraps from your blue books, I hate all *blueing*.
But, give me wit, opinion, character,
The only game that I think worth pursuing;
Show me the leading spirits of our sphere—
Those are the sights to see—*those* are the sounds to hear.

IV.

THE FOREST.

'Tis pleasant, bowling o'er those old French roads,
When summer lets you gallop "off the stones;"
It much the spirit of its cares unloads,
To travel without fear of broken bones!
And, hark! how sweet those distant city-tones!
Those chiming bells upon the wavering breeze,
As up the hill our straining axle groans:
And now, the landscape, opening by degrees,
Shows royal roofs, amidst a wilderness of trees.

V.

I always liked thee, France, and loved thy belles,
Them for their dress, and thee for thy *un*dress:
I liked thee for thy open hills and dells,
(*Not* for thy Habeas Corpus' and Free Press,—
With those thou 'rt always sure to make a mess.)
'Tis true, thou hast not England's woodbine cots,
Nor her sweet girls' blue eye and auburn tress;—
But then—thou hast not England's landscape-blots,—
Her sullen factory smokes, and "Land in building lots."

VI.

England, ere half a century has flown,
Thou 'lt be *all* brickwork! chimneys all thy shade!
Thine only breezes, from their funnels blown:
Grass in Museums, twenty pounds a blade!
The Island one Bazaar,—one black Arcade:—
No river but Fleet-ditch,—no evening air,—
No plough, no lark, no tree, no nut-brown maid,—
No vale, no hill,—all brick, no room to spare,—
One London-suburb all,—all grim as Grosvenor Square.

VII.

Thine is indeed a *Forest*, Fontainebleau!
Where lovely Nature has her "own sweet will:"
('Twas now in all the summer's golden glow.)—
How nobly soars in light yon oak-crowned hill!
How richly larch and ash these valleys fill,
Empurpled with the tinging of the year:
All stillness, save the rushing of the rill,
That from its fissured rock bursts cool and clear,—
Or watch-dog's distant bark,—or bray of browsing deer.

VIII.

As on we roll, 'tis one delicious Wild,
With soft, green glades, between the tall, old trees;
Gleaming in sunny tufts, like velvet piled
With knots of primrose and anemones,
And many a blossomed plant, beloved of bees:
And, with broad gaze upon the setting sun,
Huge, quiet cattle, couching at their ease;
Or stag, lone stalking through the copses dun;
But, hush! what means this Stone, which all the peasants shun?

IX.

THE GRAND VENEUR.

'Twas in this very spot, that Henri Quatre
Had his day's hunting with the "*Grand Veneur.*"
Whence came that huntsman, now is no great matter;
Henri himself was not a "Simon pure."
He just had flung his falcon from the lure,
When burst a furious din of horns and hounds;
Off flew his grooms, the culprits to secure,
And fine them royally for breaking bounds.
Nothing annoys the great, like poaching on their grounds!

X.

Within five seconds, galloped up the hunt—
Five hundred riders grim, on steeds of fire!
The Grand Veneur, jackbooted, in their front,
Some ten feet high! his horse, too, a highflyer,
Champing hot coals—his tail a lightning-spire!
"Henri!" he cried, "come, hunt in forest style."
Upsprang a stag—they dashed o'er brake and briar!
Beginning *slow*—a minute to a mile!
Calmly the Grand Veneur conversing all the while.

XI.

"No secrets, Monsieur Henri, among friends:
The world's a jest, and you have had your sport;
Your carnival on this day twelvemonth ends;
La Gabrielle must take her leave of court!"—
The Grand Veneur's black charger gave a snort;
A general laugh ran round the grisly ring,
That sounded like a culverin's report.
—"*We* leave the honest fools to drown, or swing,
The *renegade* we push, and make him pope—or *king*."

XII.

The pace grew faster—talk of breeze or wing!
Hill, vale, and river vanished at a stride!
France had few bolder riders than the king;
Yet never king less liked his morning's ride.
Noon came, the sun his velvet doublet fried;
Eve came, he felt its chillness tenfold chill:
The Grand Veneur still galloped by his side!
(Kings, now and then, *must* bolt a bitter pill:
That huntsman had been hanged, had Henri but his will!)

XIII.

Still, rang the horn; still, whip and spur were plied;
Still, the pale monarch held his wild career;
Still, rode the fearful Huntsman by his side!
And now the stars began to glisten clear;
Still, through the forest bounded the *fiend* deer!
At length, some torches faint and distant shone;
A funeral anthem thrill'd on Henri's ear!
"'Tis Coligni's! he perished for *your* throne,"
Whispered the Grand Veneur,—the answer was a groan!

XIV.

'Twas midnight!—still, that wild-hunt's whirlwind rush
Burst o'er the mountain-brow and down the dell!
At once the tumult died!—the breeze's gush,
The only sound upon his ear that fell.
But hark! the tolling of a tocsin-bell!—
Henri was brave, and yet his blood ran cold;
Then rose a clash of arms; a sudden yell!
And loud and louder still, along the wold,
The sounds of terror, fight, and massacre, were rolled!

XV.

Above the forest swept a sheet of flame!
And by its glare they saw a city's wall,
Whence the deep uproar of that struggle came;
Shrieks, mingled with the drum, and trumpet-call!
And now, they rode by mansions old and tall;
While round their fearful march poured spectre crowds;
Some battling in an ancient Palace hall;
Some from its casements flung, in gory shrouds;
Till pealed the bell once more, and all were lost in clouds!

XVI.

Away, away! again, in storm they flew!
"Know'st thou that bell?" the sneering huntsman cried.
"I heard it—on the St. Bartholomew,"
Murmured the king.—"Now, Henri, thank thy guide!"—
"Thank him!" was echoed through the forest wide.
The demon in his pallid visage grinned:
"'Twas *I* that launched thy galley on the tide;
'Twas *I* that bade thee sin,—and thou hast sinn'd.
A throne was in the scales! and what are oaths but wind?"

XVII.

For aught I know, they might be hunting yet,
Had not a puff of sulphur filled the gale;
The Grand Veneur pulled off his plumed berette,
And bowed to one, the palest of the pale,
A monk, in shirt of hair, (Rome's ancient mail.)
Jumping for joy, around him bounced the pack,
(All fiends!) all barking, wagging head and tail,
In spite of many a warning kick and crack.
The grisly riders roared: "*Bien venu, Ravaillac!*"

XVIII.

The rest I offer merely as conjecture;
His grooms found Henri by an old oak's trunk,
Like one recovering from a curtain-lecture.
(No pleasant thing, from either wife or monk;)
The grooms (respectfully) supposed him drunk!—
He ordered, for a twelvemonth and a day,
That from all France his hunting should be sunk.
The day arrived, and all, but *he*, were gay:
He saw that monk again!—one blow—the king was *clay!*

XIX.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

The town—but, who on earth can bear *French* towns?
All dust in sunshine, and in showers all slime.—
The Palace!—famous for upsetting crowns—
A mass of lumber, even in its prime,
Now (like the world) not much improved by time;
Loaded with noseless Greek and Roman things,
(By much too heavy for my light-heeled rhyme,)
I leave them to the "Patent muse," which sings,
(For sack and sixpences) of Levees, stars, and strings!

XX.

I keep *my* raptures for its knaves "Illustrious!"
Its hearts of steel, and consciences of stone.
(Not *quite* a pupil of the "school" industrious,
Which *heroizes* James, and saints Pope Joan)
PHILIP, (the *genius*) Father of the Loan.
(How lucky that the "set" are not alive all!
Each thundering over Europe from his throne.)
FRANCIS the lewd; grim CHARLES, his bigot-rival:—
Ye sepulchres, hold fast—Heaven spare us the revival!

XXI.

Here winds the "Galerie" where fierce Christina
Minced Monsieur Monaldeschi for his treason—
(*Id est*, for telling stories of Regina,—
Queen-gossip being *always* out of season,)
So, three assassins brought him to his reason!
Here, monks and mummers settled State affairs;
Here Mazarin pilfered all that he could seize on;
Here priests said many a thing, besides their prayers;
And princes, dukes, and counts, all ran up the back-stairs!

XXII.

Not that I *much* abhor those picture galleries,
With all their mob, of monarchs, counts, and knights;
Statesmen, whose broidered mantles cost their salaries;
Grand Goths, beneath whose feet we move like mites;
Grim maids of honour, (Nature's stateliest frights,)
Frowning from casement, or portcullis arched,
Crowned with *toupets* of "regulation" heights,
Stiff, to the life, as when at court they marched;
Awfully furbelowed, magnificently starched!

XXIII.

One asks by instinct—Ye terrific maids!
Could those vast stomachers hide human hearts?
Were ever bulwarks like those shoulder-blades?
Were not those breast-bones proof to Cupid's arts?
Those ruffs alone might blunt ten thousand darts!
With iron for your nerves, and stones for eyes,
What were ye?—mummies, galvanized by starts!
Chevaux-de-frised against all heart-surprise!
Incapable of smiles—insensible to sighs!

XXIV.

There frowns thy speaking picture; Machiavelli,
Thou true Italian Mephistophiles!
(Like arsenic in a plate of vermicelli,)
Teaching the world to poison at its ease!—
If monarchs pant their people's purse to squeeze,
If Satan urge his slaves, to thrones to climb;
Or monks, to filch tiaras on their knees;
Thy volume is the villain's "true sublime,"
Thy cup the tempter's cup, its wine essential crime!

XXV.

Whose is that visage, sportive, yet severe;
That lip of laughter, yet those piercing eyes;
That brow so bright, yet care-worn?—Ah, Molière!
I see the hand, that stripped the soul's disguise,
Forced monks to feel, and monarchs to be wise;
Dared the court-whisper, and the Jesuit's knife;
Yet (all we honour, all that we despise,)
Leading, poor fool, an ultra-henpecked life,
And dying on the stage! Verdict—"A dashing wife!"

XXVI.

One place is vacant, which but *one* can fill.
Prince of imperial craftsmen, Talleyrand!
Where is thy cold grey eye, thy visage chill,
Thy sneering lip, thy smile supremely bland?
Thou first and last of that Imperial band,
Who swindled monarchs, mobs, and all mankind!
Thy craft, so sweeping, that 't was almost *grand!*
Thy galley making way with every wind,
Shunning all rocks and shoals, yet *never* left behind!

XXVII.

Yes! 't was delightful, from thy features placid,
To see such firefly sparks of satire dart!
Thy wit a drop of death—pure prussic acid—
A flash of lightning, killing without smart!
Tell me, thou man of brain without a heart—
Prince Scapin! in what courtly escritoire
Hast thou locked up thy never-failing chart,
That steered thee safe through council, and *boudoir;*
Till France's blazing torch was buried in the Loire?

XXVIII.

France has for thee *no* rival—Rome but Sylla;
Yet, strip the classic gilding from the name,
What was *his* lazy life, his Baian villa,
His Senate, craving for the bread of shame,
To *thy* keen course, through France's tide of flame;
Thy path, beset with faction's serpent-stings?
Thine was the longer and the harder game,—
When Europe's thrones were made the tombs of kings.
But politics, avaunt!—I turn to wedding-rings!

XXIX.

THE WIDOW.

LEGENDRE was a General of Division;
Had stoutly won his aiguillettes and crosses;
Performed the "grand manœuvres" with precision;
Left his right leg in Dantzic's frozen fosses;
At Borodino dropped his bold proboscis;
At Moscow was half roasted, like a hero;
But, as few generals can live on mosses,
When "*l'Empereur*" performed the modern Pharoah,
He died in the retreat (thermometer at zero).

XXX.

His widow—a young, bright-eyed Paris thing;
Pined, in the prettiest mourning, for her mate;
For a whole week, would neither dance nor sing;
Looked on the sunny world with special hate;
Nay, talked of flying to a convent-grate!
At last she wrote—she "owned, 't was with a qualm"—
To Talleyrand, then Minister of State,
To ask a pension—"death must be her balm."
The billet was returned, endorsed—"*Hélas! madame!*"

XXXI.

The General's aide-de-camp arrived in France,
Monsieur Auguste-Achille de Battleaxe!
A showy fellow, with a laughing glance.
He brought the Will—the widow broke the wax;
It left her rich!—his heart took fire, like flax!
The pretty *veuve* soon asked—*without* "a qualm"—
A pension for her slayer of Cossacks,—
Her, "brave Achille,"—"*Le mari de son âme.*"
The billet was returned, endorsed—"*Ho, ho, madame!*"

XXXII.

THE CHAMBER.

One glance at thy bronze bust, Napoleon!
Ere all are hurried from the little room,
Where Europe's lord was tumbled from his throne.
There stands his couch;—the table, hid in gloom,
Where his own pallid fingers signed his doom;
The chair, in agony of spirit scored:
King-maker! I ask not, *where* stands thy tomb?
Though thousands round it wept, or cannon roared.
Here was Napoleon's tomb; *here* vanished crown and sword!

XXXIII.

I am not "playing moralist;" and yet,
Where has the world a teacher—like that bust?
Why, shall the heart through half a century fret,
Stake life, and love, and peace—to turn to dust?
Like *thee*, if mighty, from a throne be thrust,
The scoff and victim of its ransomed slaves!
If lowly, take posterity on trust,
Dream dreams, build castles upon winds and waves,
And, after all—lie down among earth's wormy graves.

XXXIV.

AUVERGNE.

With four post-horses, one can go at speed
Through Surrey, or Siberia, vale or hill.
I spare the world the tidings—where I feed,
At night am fed *upon*, or tax my bill:
"To all men be it known,"—I don't stand still.
At length I reach a land of fog and fern,
The plain's hot gusts are growing cold and shrill;
The beggars thicken;—signs from which I learn,
That round me frown the hills of thy bleak soil, Auvergne.

XXXV.

PORT VENASQUE.

I wonder at the taste for scaling mountains,
(A question *once* I never stopped to ask,)
To watch where glaciers trickle into fountains,
Sunburning all your visage like a mask.
I still remember clambering Port Venasque,
The toughest trip among the Pyrenees.
When I had hoped in Spanish suns to bask,
My only gain—to starve, and thirst, and freeze—
To, nearly break my neck, and break my donkey's knees!

XXXVI.

The morning fixed (*of course*) began with fog,
('Tis always thus upon your pic-nic days,)
But, up we moved; first, floundered through a bog.
Then, at the "Hospice de Bagnères," missed stays!
There, 'tis the etiquette to stand and gaze,
Though blight and barrenness make all the show!
Our mules were wiser, for they *tried* to graze.
All, to the top, thenceforth was rock and snow,—
Still on we dragged our steps, wet, weary, sad, and slow.

XXXVII.

We had *six* ladies! carried up in chairs,
(The charming sex are fond of "seeing sights;")
Our road resembled much those corkscrew stairs
Where one false step may send you twenty flights;
But then—the *picturesque!* "What shades! what lights!
What blues and yellows down the mountain's side!"
Our heroines six, however, looked like sprites!
My restiff mule soon made an awful slide—
Two thousand feet of gulf were just within a stride!

XXXVIII.

Still, up we toiled, each moment growing colder,
Tugging and flogging at our recreant cattle;
Each heroine with a rawboned clown for "holder."
At last, with roarings like a distant battle,
A tempest through the rocks began to rattle;
And on the spot where all *should be* delighted—
"Spain at our feet," so runs the tourist's prattle,
A haze rushed up, in which we were benighted,
All shivering, weeping some, some furious, all affrighted.

XXXIX.

True, we had comfort;—for our guides all swore,
The fog "above a fortnight *seldom* lasted!"
"Great news" for those, who, roused at half-past four,
To "see the sun-rise!" since that hour had fasted.—
The tempest, more and more, yelled, blazed, and blasted;
Freezing the very brandy in our flask:
Off went our little tent, down-hill, dismasted;
Down rolled *my* hapless donkey, like a cask—
Thanks to the moon, at last, we 'scaped from Port Venasque.

XL.

MONT DOR.

Philosophers pronounce Auvergne *volcanic*,—
I only know, its roads like goat-tracks twist,
Keeping one's limbs in everlasting panic;
And being no "profound geologist,"
And caring not a straw for chalk, or schist,
I only wish, these hills *would* make a blaze,
Or anything, to make them look less *triste*,—
Or, that some earthquake would but "mend their ways,"
For, here I broke the pole of my new English chaise.

XLI.

And so, some thousand years ago, those mounts,
Gigantic bald-heads, patriarchal sires,
Were all alive and roaring,—furnace-founts!
Those tall gray pinnacles were flaming spires!—
Here was the scene for those that "fast in fires,"
For pagan-spell, and Druid incantation;
Blazing through night and storm, like funeral pyres,
A hundred miles of mountain conflagration
Were just the "case in point"—for earth's most firework nation!

XLII.

I often long for some Artesian borer;
To pierce ten thousand miles beneath the ocean,
And fathom out the secrets of each roarer,—
To know, what puts old Ætna in commotion,—
Where grim Vesuvius drinks her lava-potion,—
What moves pale Hecla's entrails, at the Pole,
Melting the icebergs with her "tepid lotion,"—
What depths of liquid iron, beds of coal,
Beneath man's foolish feet their blazing billows roll.

XLIII.

I 'm all "Utilitarian!" Think, how grand!
To hold a central "Hall of Inquisition,"
And turn my fire-spout on each culprit land,—
Filling its cellarage with "pure ignition!"
France, what a lesson to thy spruce ambition!
To grill and roast thee, spite of all thy smiles:
Broiling thy *viscera* into contrition,—
Turning to smoke and dust thy palace-piles,
For thy late slippery tricks in poor Pomarē's Isles.

XLIV.

CLERMONT.

I galloped on through Clermont. Who *would* stop
Among its grass-grown streets and dismal inns?
Yet *here* was raised, of old, Rome's richest crop;
The field is shown ('tis now a field of whins)
Once thick with princes, priests, and paladins.
When Urban sat on Europe's proudest throne,
Giving the world remission for all sins,—
And Hermit Peter raised the Gonfalon:
Madman and Saint!—I grieve, those showy days are done.

XLV.

One truth is plain,—our Nature loves a bustle;—
Once, it was battle, murder, and crusades,—
Next, plumes and petticoats began to rustle,
And Tournaments employed Toledo blades,—
The world then yawned to death those grim parades,
And turned to loving, and the Troubadours;
Then, all was Petrarch and his myrtle-shades—
France, next, gave law in *chansons* and amours,
'Till came, John Bull, *thy* "Age," of tunnels, and of tours.

XLVI.

Those were gay days! the world has since grown stupid:
Taxes and time have banished all romance;
The Chancellor now plays the part of Cupid,—
Parchment performs the business of a lance,—
No chargers now in broidered housings prance,—
No gallant knights bow down to "gentle dames;"
Hearts now have but *one* homage—the Main-chance,—
Gold, gas, and coal, now furnish all our flames:—
The case is much the same on Danube, Seine, and Thames.

XLVII.

All men hate idleness, yet love to idle.
(I'll try the "Market" with a New Crusade,—
The Scrip would rise!)—Those days of spur and bridle,
Of chief and clan, of banner and of blade,
Furnished much gossip, feasting, verse, and trade,—
Fashion itself had something then to do.
'Tis pity, that the spirit has been laid,—
At least, our "noble lords" the change may rue
That ties them down for life to Clubs and the Battue.

XLVIII.

THE CLUB.

I own, (in confidence), *I* like the Clubs,—
"Only for bachelors," exclaim the fair,—
I say, "for matrimony and its rubs."
You take your cab, and reach St. James's Square;
Find all your old Allies assembled there;
French mirrors, Grecian lamps around you shine;
You hear the gossip, chuse a fireside chair,—
Order your cutlet, friend, and favourite wine:
(Acknowledged; that *all* Clubs are not *bon ton*, like mine.)

XLIX.

In London, we have men, who live like moles;
(Thinking themselves earth's sages, all the while;)
Knowing as much of life, as of the poles.
With the West-end all round them, mile on mile;
Their very years are reckoned by "Old Style;"
To them, the world has slumbered, since Queen Anne;
Walpole is still, the "Saviour of the Isle;"
Women are hideous, without hoop and fan;
Powder, stiff-skirts, rappee, and bagwigs "make the man!"

L.

A set of those, (no matter *where*) one night
Were seated, prosing, at their monthly dinner;
A stranger took his seat; (unknown by sight.
The owls all stared, and wished their club were thinner:)
He broke the ice; talked out, of saint and sinner;
Chatted all sorts of pleasant, passing things,—
The Levee, Opera, the Newmarket winner;
Told tales, as light as flies, (and some *with* stings),
Gay Windsor *silhouettes* of beauties, Peers and Kings!

LI.

All were delighted—all was a new world,
As followed *mot* on *mot*, and hit on hit!
No grumbler, for that night, his nostrils curled;
None quoted "Garrick's pun," or "Wilkes's wit."
None *bored*, on *Mister* Fox, or *Mister* Pitt;
None "brought up" Eton tricks, or Porson's "scanning."
At last, they saw the brilliant stranger flit:
All asked—"Who thus their sculls had been trepanning?"
The Waiter was called in—the *Stranger* was GEORGE CANNING!

NOTES TO CANTO III.

Page 61, line 3.

Off the stones.

The old French highways in general have a triple division.—The middle road, paved, for winter-travelling; the two side roads, clay, for summer-travelling.

Page 62, line 10.

Thine is indeed a forest, Fontainebleau.

Almost the only royal forest in France, which has not been spoiled by royal taste. A large portion of it has been stript of its trees, but enough remains, to make it one of the noblest of European hunting-grounds. In France, forest-trees are seldom allowed to grow to their natural size; but here are some noble specimens. The cruelty of hunting is beginning to be felt even in France; and since the foolish days of the last Bourbon, public hunting has been scarcely resumed. The idea of making sport of the agonies of the inferior creation is fortunately beginning to be regarded by the educated classes of all countries, as not merely a frivolous and vulgar waste of time—a coarse and brutish pursuit of a clownish enjoyment—but an actual crime.

Page 63, line 9.

The Stone which all the peasants shun.

"La Croix du Grand Veneur," is an obelisk marking the spot where the Demon of the Forest—the Black Huntsman—was said to

have met Henry IV., and predicted his assassination. The king's change of religion; after the sacrifices undergone by the French Protestants to place him at the head of Protestantism in France, was a lasting source of discord; and it was remarked by them, that his fall by the hand of a monk, was in some degree a just punishment for his desertion to the religion of Rome. His apostacy was never forgiven.

Page 65, line 17.

'Tis Coligni's.

The famous leader of the Protestants. He perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Page 66, line 5.

The tocsin-bell.

The signal rung at midnight from the church of St. Germain, in Paris, for the assassination of the Protestants.

Page 67, line 18.

Bien venu.

"Welcome." Ravaillac, a monk, who had adopted a variety of professions, at last determined to signalize himself by stabbing the king. An impression had been prevalent amongst the populace, that Henry was again about to change his religion, and make war on the Pope. On the 14th of May, 1610, Ravaillac struck him to the heart.

Page 68, line 13.

The palace famous for upsetting crowns.

The "*Cabinet de Travail*" of Napoleon exhibits the table at which he signed his abdication, in 1814. The *Galerie des Cerfs* was the scene of the murder of Monaldeschi, by order of Christina, Queen of Sweden, in 1657. He was her high-chamberlain; and the alleged cause was the betrayal of some domestic secrets.

Fontainebleau was remarkable for the residence of historic personages. Philippe de Bel, the first who raised Loans, lived here;

the Emperor Charles V. was entertained here by Francis I.; Anne of Austria, when Regent, made it her temporary residence, &c. &c.

Page 71, line 1.

Machiavelli.

The famous author of the "Del Principe," or the Maxims of Cæsar Borgia, the most barefaced villain since Nero; and the maxims are worthy of the man. The attempts made to represent this atrocious work as a satire are trifling. It is obviously the genuine code of an Italian public man of his day; and it has not been without exemplars in every day since. Yet Machiavelli had once been sent to the rack; a recollection, which might have fairly cured him of his taste for tyranny; but the demon was within. Poet, politician, and historian, he was evidently a man of versatile and vigorous faculties. But the writer of the "Del Principe" ought to have died on the scaffold.

Page 71, line 10.

Whose is that visage, sportive yet severe?

Molière, beyond all comparison the greatest comic writer of France; rendered himself the burlesque of France by his matrimonial absurdities. Always in love with somebody or other, his successive wives ran away from him; and he at last dropped dead, while performing in one of his own comedies, his heart broken by the misconduct of a coquettish spouse.

Page 72, line 2.

Talleyrand.

The most *astute* man of his time. The true wonder of his career is, not that, though a noble and a bishop, he rose to the highest employments in an infidel revolution; but that he kept his head on his shoulders at a period when the guillotine was the "natural death" of Frenchmen. His early wealth, and his political frigidity, probably alike saved him. The one procured protectors, the other precluded partisanship. The factions were too busy in tearing down enemies

to trample on neutrals. His memorable maxim, that "zeal and devotion are the two most dangerous qualities for public men," was exemplified in the success of his career. But if false, what a libel on statesmanship; if true, what a scandal to human nature!

Page 75, line 7.

The chair, in agony of spirit scored.

The arm of the chair in which Napoleon signed his abdication, was deeply cut with his penknife, in the nervousness of that terrible hour.

Page 76, line 9.

That round me frown the hills.

Auvergne, the "Campi Phlegræi" of France, sterile from the poverty of its people, and the sufferings of the province, in the Revocation of the Edict; but a noble subject for the man of science, and a still nobler one for the historian. There are instances in the war of the Cevennes, which might be remembered, beside Marathon and Thermopylæ.

Page 76, line 10.

Port Venasque.

One of the steepest passes of the Pyrenees; from whose summit is an extensive view, and a single step places the spectator in Spain. The ascent is a favourite performance of the tourists from the watering places on the French border.

Page 83, line 11.

Men who live like moles.

The circumstance in the verse actually occurred in a club near St. James's. To heighten the burlesque, Canning was at that time in the full glow of public life, and perhaps the best known of any man in London.

CANTO IV.

LYONS—THE NOTRE DAME—ST. JANUARIUS—ALE—COUNT ISIDORE.

I.

LYONS.

Lyons! I gave five minutes to thy "sights."
How calm the showy termagant has grown!
'Tis true, she has some "espions" on her heights,
Giving the haughty Lady of the Rhône
Strong hints of duty to the "Three-days' throne."
Stout fortresses, though yet not *quite* Fifteen,
Yet quite enough, to make a bridal zone,
Stiff as her bouncing sister's by the Seine:
Gay France must *always* have the gun—or guillotine!

II.

Lyons is Paris, *Parised;* doubly French!
Bold, bustling, busy,—dingy, dismal, dear,—
Buried in hills, the city's self a trench;
So much the worse for nostril, eye, and ear.
I climbed that mountain ladder the Fouvrière,
Taking its bird's-eye view of streets and ports,—
Furious Croix-Rousse, and gory Guillotière,—
Besides those pretty playthings, the New Forts,
Teaching the weaver-tribes the *due* respect for Courts.

III.

Yet, care not I for "memorable spots,"
Where massacre has heaped its human mound;
Nor care much more for Roman mustard-pots,
Or lying epitaphs to rogues renowned;
Still, one old spot, well worth them all, I found,
Where once Poetic Justice reared its altar;
The Athenæum, Gallia's "rhymers' pound,"
Where fools, who with the Muses dared to palter,
Were bastinadoed, pumped, or *settled* with the halter!

IV.

Caligula! the brilliant thought was thine;
Tyrant, or madman, *this* redeemed thy fame;
Attorney-general of the injured Nine;
Supreme preserver of Apollo's game!
Laying in chains the twaddling and the tame;
The heathen Herod of all nursery-bards!
We have them still, and "Legion" is their name!
But, hush! I have no wish to get their "cards;"
I want Van Amburgh's art, to play with wolves and pards!

V.

Yet, Lyons has *her* glory.—Turn aside,
And take three steps within her "Notre Dame;"
If some in Lyons now and then *have* died,
At least "Our Lady" should not bear the blame;
She cures by contract, heals deaf, dumb, and lame;
Gives life to corpses; if there 's faith in walls
Covered with miracles of flood and flame,
Ex voto, legs eyes, arms, and cannon-balls:
No charity bazaar can boast of fuller stalls!

VI.

If Germany may boast her Hohenlohes;
Happy the sinner, here who cracks his crown;
Happy the man, who breaks his shins or nose;
He only has to pay his tariff down:
(So much per gentleman, so much per clown!)
The old are young again; the stiffest wrinkles
Are smooth as wax; grey locks are turned to brown;
The purblind eye with new-born lustre twinkles;
The moment in the box the pious present tinkles!

VII.

ST. JANUARIUS.

Let Humboldt write his wonder-hunting rambles,
I've seen Rome's doings, comical, and serious;
Nay, been half stifled in the holy scrambles,
To see thy "melting day," St. Januarius!
(Call as your sceptics may the trick nefarious)
Unluckily, just then, the French were there,
(Whose presence to all saints is deleterious,)
Lining with horse and foot the stately square,
Where lay the bottled saint upon his gilded chair!

VIII.

The French dragoons had lately plucked the Pope,
Nay, sent the Conclave to the right-about;
Cooling some rabble-Catos by the rope;
Strong facts, which made the Saint of Naples pout.
The General marched two brass six-pounders out,
The Saint still sulked against his liquefaction;
The priests began to growl, the mob to shout;
Both palpably inclined to peace-infraction;
The General gave the word, to "prime and load" for action.

IX.

The priest rubbed on,—the blood remained unmelted,—
The Lazzaroni rallied round their Saint;
Some brandished knives, some gathered stones, some pelted;
Just then, the holy rubber *seemed* to faint.
The Frenchman's anger now knew no restraint,
He spurred his charger through the living tide,
(The rabble's pious horror who can paint?)
Sabre in hand, he stood the priest beside;
The trembler rubbed once more—the Saint *was* liquified!

X.

If I must worship *things*, give *me* the mountains,
Vesuvius with its boilers—old Mont Blanc,
Or Etna, with its forests and its fountains;
Give me but something worth a sight or song.
I loathe the dulness of Rome's saintly throng:
Old beggars, limping idiots, hairy brutes,
Fat dames, with backs much fitter for the thong,
Sainted in swarms, (when past their old pursuits,)
The legendary tribe of Limbo's raw recruits.

XI.

If *I* must bow, it shall not be to bones!
But, let me, like the Indian, worship rivers:
The Ganges, bathing half a hundred thrones;
The Indus—all the golden harvest-givers,
(Worth all your doctors, too, for yellow livers,)
Bounding in beauty from the cloud-crowned ridge,
Where the furred Turcoman in summer shivers;
Spanning the world of Asia like a bridge,
On which stands lordly man, a something like a *midge!*

XII.

I once sailed up the mighty Amazon;
All day the waters round us seemed to boil.
Drenched from the eve in dew, till rose the sun;
For months, our morning, noon, and night were toil.
But, all was lovely Nature's virgin soil—
The ground, a tissue of ten thousand flowers,
The forests, curtained with their splendid coil,
The valleys, depth on depth of glorious bowers:
I still delight to dream of those soul-stirring hours.

XIII.

True, we kept eager watch upon the creek,
Where the thick plantains clustered o'er the river;
Old haunt of serpents, or the panther sleek,
Or the swart Indian, with his poisoned quiver,
Waiting, his deadly missive to deliver.
And, once, we saw a war-axe bore a leak
Below our water-mark, (I shot the diver!)
Still, on we worked, and laughed, from week to week;
Winding by forest green, and mountain's sun-dyed peak.

XIV.

But, all was life: the stately jaguār
Stalked to the beach, to bathe his shining side;
The swift flamingo, like a shooting star,
Shed crimson lustre through the forest wide;
Fearless the antelope the strangers eyed;
Upsprang in snowy clouds the white toucan;
Tribes, thick as motes, in gold and scarlet dyed,
Soared to the sun; the pheasant spread his fan:
All, as in earth's first days, without the dread of man.

XV.

THE JOURNEY.

But what are these bright, moveless clouds?—the ALPS!
Lyons, farewell!—post-horses for the hills,
Where Hannibal's black squadrons left their scalps,
And Roman slaughter reddened all the rills,
And haughty Austria paid the Switzers' bills.
(All "honoured" on the bodies of her knights,)
With many a massacre of fools, that fills
The sanguine page of royal wrongs and rights:
Man is a fighting *brute*—the *only* brute that fights!

XVI.

A day's hot driving brought me to "mine inn."
Earth has, perhaps, few hours of *perfect* bliss;
But still, howe'er the twenty-four begin,
The dinner-hour is one—which none should miss,
(Especially, with wife and babes to kiss;)
Or (if his bark in loneliness makes sail)
'Tis when, upon a burning day like this,
Tired out with dragging at his horse's tail,
He finds an honest steak, and cup of *English* Ale!

XVII.

THE GLORY OF ALE.

Ale, "pleasant, warming, kind, heroic liquor!"
(I give its honours, in thy words, Orosius;)
Dear to all ranks,—prince, ploughman, clerk, and vicar!—
His Whiskey makes the Irishman ferocious;
His Aqua-vitæ makes the Gaul atrocious:
But thou,—calm, rich, and heart-enwrapping Ale!
Parent of fireside jests, and puns precocious;
Art the true Briton's beverage,—mild or stale,
Whether in England, brown; or India, pure and pale.

XVIII.

Thy pedigree, too, merits a description:—
Thy birth was due to Egypt,—land of Sages!
The gallant Greek next followed the prescription;
Then, coming Westerly by easy stages,
Rome's iron legions drank thee for their wages,
Binding (of course) all nations in their chain.
Then, Ale taught man to break his Roman cages.
Ev'n England bowed to Norman and to Dane,
Till Ale first wet her lips, and *then*—she "Ruled the Main."

XIX.

The eve was glorious! and a clustering vine
Shading the casement, cooled the sultry air.
I, calm and comfortably, sipped my wine,
Reposing in an old, superb *bergère:*
My landlord was a *demi-solde*, whose hair
Gave proof sufficient, that *his* wars were over.
I shared my bottle with the *militaire*,
And, while I loitered o'er his cook's *chef d'œuvre*,
He told his Captain's tale—a genius, rake, and lover.

XX.

COUNT ISIDORE.

Murat had once a page; a splendid fellow,
As ever flirted, fought, or wore moustache:
All went on swimmingly, (*durante bello*)—
But bold Murat soon gave his final flash;
Count Isidore grew vastly out of cash;
Tried billiards, hazard; still his ducats flew;
At last he foundered, with a final crash!
Was cut by his "best friends;" the world looked blue:
The gallant Count resolved to bid the world adieu.

XXI.

England had run her scissors through the map;
Fortune at all the *braves* had "made a set,"—
(As very a jade as ever wore a cap;)
A ditch paid gallant Poniatowski's debt;
The "Duke" had finished "Victory's spoiled pet;"
A coroner's inquest sat upon Berthier;
Duroc's and Caulaincourt's last drum had beat;
Nap was himself no more the world's cashier:
'Twas plain the game was up, with Marshal, Prince, and Peer.

XXII.

The night was black as ink (I 'm no describer).
Having, to take his plunge, made up his mind,
The Count strolled quietly along the Tiber;
'Twas Winter, (Rome can boast hail, rain, and wind)
Still, on he walked, half freezing, and half blind.
A showy Café caught his passing eye,—
The thought *then* struck him, that he had *not* dined,—
—" 'Twas all the same; *his* business was, to die;
He had no appetite "—*so*, in he went—to try.

XXIII.

All glittered round him; he perused the *Carte*,
Tasted his becafico and Tokay;
Half got the last Court Calendar by heart;
Glanced at the play-bill—'twas his favourite play!
Peste-ed the hour that stripped him of half-pay;
Pored o'er the winnings of Lord Scamper's stud;
Got up; sat down;—was loth to go, or stay;
Peeped out; the bitter blast congealed his blood:
Never was uglier night, to sleep in Tiber's mud.

XXIV

Now, if the night had been a night in June,
With stars, and so forth, on the waves reposing,—
Or, if he could have seen a scrap of moon,—
Or, if a lute had set the breezes dozing;
He had not thought so long about "foreclosing."
(Remember, he 's Italian) but, to plunge
In that black surge, was past all human glozing,—
Sucking up that ice-water, like a sponge!
He had much rather met some German sabre's lunge.

XXV.

So, back he stepped, to give a parting gaze,
Where a huge mirror shone above the stove;
(John Bull well knows the comfort of a blaze)
He thought of his guitar, cigar,—and love.
The guests already had begun to move;
The or-molu argands began to quiver;
Count Isidore drew on, and off, his glove;
Looked in the glass again; began to shiver:
Ciel! were such ringlets made, for lodgings in a river?

XXVI.

Few on their own sweet smiles can gaze enough.
He heard a voice within a neighbouring box;
He turned: there, peeping through his meerschaum's puff,
He saw the visage of his "man of stocks,"
(A compound of the vulture and the fox.)
Count Isidore knew *something* of the Jews,—
His title-deeds were under sundry locks.
(A case not new among the Royal Blues:)
The Rabbi hobbled up, and asked "the last court news."

XXVII.

The Guardsman had no leisure for "narrations."
—"Isaac," said he, "I 'm now without a *paul.*"
Says Isaac—"Tish bad times for shpeculations;
"This peace will ruin us, Counts and Jews, and all
"My railway shares have made a desperate fall;
"My 'grand exploshion's' past all advertizing,
"(The fools *will* stick to gunpowder and ball;)
"My 'full moon' stock is anything but rising;
"My negro-bleaching soap, I grieve to say, capsizing!"

XXVIII.

—"Cash me a bill!"—"My dear, don't talk of cashing;
"There never was worsh times for fortune-making!
"Bubbles von't do: my 'anti-water-washing,'
"Though puffed all round the world, is more than shaking;
"My 'planks from shavings;' 'paper-stoves for baking;'
"My 'glasses to keep donkeys' eyes from winking;'
"My 'patent flying steamer for moon-raking,'
"The beautifullest thing on earth,—all sinking!
"Such dreadful losses, Count, must set a man a thinking."

XXIX.

—"Cash me a bill, old trickster! or I swear,"
—"Shwear not!—unless 'twill raise us the doubloon!
"I have a thought—'tis Sinigaglia's Fair;
"Suppose we try a travelling baboon:
"You for the brute, and I for the buffoon!
"*You* will but have to dance, while *I* harangue.
"You vont—the gas quite out of the balloon!"—
—"Isaac, I've come to die—'tis but a pang;
"One plunge will finish both!"—The Rabbi from him sprang.

XXX.

Then, taking courage, (fenced behind a chair,)
And fixing on him his two twinkling eyes;
" Count," said the Jew, " I think, that head of hair,
" And whiskers, would require but small disguise,
" To play a bear, and raise us the *supplies!*
" If that von't do, suppose you try the stage?"
—" Wretch!" with his sword half drawn, the Guardsman cries;
" This arm shall punish!——But I spare your age!
" A player!—I'd rather be a parrot in a cage!"

XXXI.

" Well," said the Jew, " what think you of a friar!
" You 're sure of feeding, while the world has fools;
" All round the land you'll have meat, clothes, and fire;
" The pious are your dupes, the knaves your tools!
" Eat, drink, and fatten, are the friar's rules.
" *He* pays no taxes, and he knows no care;
" *He* always lays his pack on others' mules;
" *He* always makes his meal of others' fare;
" He only has to cant, and make the rabble stare!

XXXII.

"Von't do?—I have it now! a husband-raffle!—
"Ten francs a ticket, and *yourself* the prize!"
—"Isaac! No chance on earth *my* fate can baffle!"
—"I'll have your lordship lithographed full size!
"Man never knows his luck, until he tries.
"I ask but nine-tenths profits, for *my* fee;
"Taking upon my conscience all the lies!"
—"'Tis madness!"—"You shall see what you shall see!
"The Café 's shutting up: come home and sup with me."

XXXIII.

They went their way—through many a gloomy lane,
Where men *might* tremble for their throats and pockets.
(Rome's rogues have no great reason to complain
Of the Madonna's little holy sockets).
But Isaac having lately struck his dockets,
And cash not troubling much Count Isidore,
They slipped along, as smoothly as sky-rockets;
Traversed the Ghetto, climbed a *sixième* floor,
And entered, mute as mice, the Hebrew's ancient Store.

XXXIV.

The room was piled with all strange kinds of lumber;
The Count was puzzled, "where they *could* be found!"
Huge folios, by the world long sent to slumber;
Arms on the walls, and pictures on the ground;
Cracked china; lutes, long guiltless of a sound;
Furred mantles, missals, tarnished antique plate;
Helmets, on old crusaders' brows embrowned;
Torn tapestry, and rust-stain'd swords of state:
A sepulchre of *things*—dim reliques of the great.

XXXV.

Yet, Time! if thou could'st give them but a tongue;
How many a curious tale they might have told!—
Pomps of the proud, and pleasures of the young;
Loves of the lovely, perils of the bold!
Now, all alike in earth's deep bosom cold!
The poet's passion-song, the beauty's bloom,
Year upon year, down Time's dim current rolled;
Their sole memorials now, a lute or plume,
And those, too, buried in this old and lonely room.

XXXVI.

What visions of the lovely and the vain
Might echo from the portrait's lip of rose!
What laughter, from the old gold-headed cane,
So oft beneath its Charlatan's hooked nose!
What gay court-revels, from the spangled hose,
Glittering in Saraband and Roundelaye!
What days of kingly pomp, and paynim blows,
On Spanish plains, or Israel's mountains gray;
Might that chain-armour tell!—now vanished all away!

XXXVII.

The single taper scarcely showed the room;
The Count enjoyed his supper not the less.
A fire soon threw its blaze across the gloom.
Old Isaac, too, was clever at a mess;
Then, diving in an ancient rich-carved press,
He brought a flask of exquisite Bourgogne,
(Earth's happiest secret of forgetfulness!)
The Count's cold scruples overboard were thrown;
The Hebrew winding up the treaty with a *loan!*

XXXVIII.

The count was lithographed;—his full-length figure
On every wall in Italy was pasted:
Tiger-moustached, eyes fierce as a hair-trigger!
The sex, to buy the shares, by hundreds hasted;
Not half a paul on dress thenceforth was wasted!
"A husband for ten francs!—the cheapest thing!"
To make the francs, some worked, some begged, some fasted!
The coin poured in, like water from the spring:
Old Isaac much enjoyed this "running at the *ring*."

XXXIX.

Shares rose to par—were at a premium—rose
To double, triple—fifty francs a piece!
The Hebrew cried—"Tish better than old closhes!"
Both thought, that they had found the Golden fleece!
Fresh "calls" came in from Russia, Spain, and Greece;
Emptying the ancient hoards of woman-kind.
The pair of life had taken a new lease!
Isaac's blue gaberdine with coin was lined;
The Count resolved to take Dame Fortune in the mind.

XL.

Rome is still talking of his equipage,
The prettiest gilded thing on Tiber's shore.
His liveries, dinners, diamonds, were the *rage*;
Fashion had but *one* star—Count Isidore;
His prancing Spanish jennets (he drove four)
Left all the Cardinals' coursers in the shade.
His suppers beat the Pope's—(I say no more!)
His ball-night stripped the Archduke's masquerade:
(*Féte* the world showily,—'twill never ask your trade.)

XLI.

The Count was handsome.—All the "Arts" found out,
That he was "just of the Antinoüs' size."
(His ducats put the question out of doubt.)
The Sex all thought him "Cupid in disguise,"—
(His jewels proved the fact to all their eyes.)
Rome's thousand poets swelled his trump of fame
"Wisest of wits, and wittiest of the wise"
Danté to him was dull, and Tasso tame.
The Monks proposed their price, to canonize his name.

XLII.

But, "Moths are singed, that fly too near the light;"—
"The reckoning comes, and laughers laugh no more,"
With other ancient *saws*—(as useless quite.)
The day arrived, to "draw" for Isidore!
Never had Rome seen such a sight before;
In rushed the sex, *all* certain of the prize!
From wild Fifteen, to Fifty, and Five-score!
The Vatican was startled with their cries,—
So, hired an *Austrian* guard, to save its lobster-pies.

XLIII.

In poured the Sex, in troops, white, black, mulatto.
The grinning negress, to the monkey kin;
The Spaniard, yellow as her own tomato;
The fish-faced Hollander; the dog-faced Fin;
(Fine studies for the connoiseurs in skin;)
The snub-nosed Swiss; brown Tartar; frost-nipt Pole!—
There sat the Count, in *horror* at the din!
The Jew, expecting to be swallowed whole,
Slipped off, beneath the crowd, as silent as a mole.

XLIV.

At once the "general victim" gave a start:
A Calabrese, (not born to die a Nun,)
Who shot, long since, an eyebeam through his heart,
(A habit with those daughters of the sun,)
Now entered,—drew her ticket,—*He was won!*—
The losers roared like fifty thunder-peals;
The pair, to save their lives, were forced to run.
(Earth has few lighter than Italian heels.)
The crowd tore down the hall, doors, windows, walls, and
wheels!

XLV.

Last year, I saw the Captain at his villa,
The loveliest spot along the lovely shore,
Where sweeps the surge around the feet of Scylla.
The world was sunshine with Count Isidore;
Loving and loved, he tempted Fate no more;
Had dropt his anchor, and had furled his sail:
Fortune had nobly paid off her old score,—
And now, the monarch of his vineyard vale,
He often laughs, and tells his "Husband Raffle" Tale!

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Page 91, line 1.

Lyons.

The capital of the south, and chief manufacturing city of France, is finely situated on the confluence of the Saone and Rhone, but shut in by hills. The heights were chiefly fortified after the commotion in the city, some years ago.

Page 92, line 5.

The Fouvrière.

A height from which the best view of Lyons is obtained.

Page 92, line 7.

Furious Croix-Rousse.

The district of the silk weavers, and chief seat of the insurrection. Guiliotière, with its adjoining suburb, the scene of the revolutionary massacres.

Page 93, line 1.

Caligula.

The Emperors Claudius and Caligula were born in Lyons. On the site of the church of Ainay, is believed to have stood the Athenæum, an imperial school of eloquence and poetry, founded by Caligula; and in which the defeated candidates were punished, sometimes in ignominious ways.

Page 93, line 11.

Within her Notre Dame.

The cathedral of Lyons. Full of relics and ex votos.

Page 94, line 10.

St. Januarius.

An annual exhibition of the melting of the saint's blood preserved in a bottle. As nothing can be too absurd for popular belief, this trick is persevered in, as affording a source of national pride, and giving a Neapolitan holiday. The saint is sometimes tardy in being melted, especially when "heretics are by," but he is always prevailed on at last.

Page 97, line 1.

The mighty Amazon.

The chief river of the American continent.

Page 98, line 1.

The stately jaguar.

The American tiger.

Page 99, line 11.

Orosius.

A writer in the fifth century.

Page 101, line 14.

Victory's spoiled pet.

L'Enfait gatè de la Victoire. The name given by Napoleon to Massena.

Page 104, line 11.

Not worth a paul.

A sixpence.

Page 107, line 13.

Little holy sockets.

The principal light in the streets of Rome, was from the lamps burning before the images of the Virgin.

Page 107, line 17.

The Ghetto.

The quarter in which the Jews, by an old superstitious severity, are shut up, in Rome.

CANTO V.

THE HURRICANE — THE FRIGATE — MIRABEAU — ATHENS — MARATHON — THE CHARTREUSE — THE PENITENTS — IGNAVIE ENCOMIUM — CHARLES XII.

I.

Give me great Nature's summoners to thought—
The mountain's thunder-splintered pinnacle;
The living freshness of the ivied grot,
Where the young river gushes from its cell;
The low rich echoes that from forests swell,
Or ruined piles, by wild-wood flowers o'ergrown,
Where ancient sages taught, or heroes fell:
And glorious shapes seem haunting every stone;
And the world-wearied heart communes with Heaven alone.

II.

Nature, I love thee, in thy storm and calm,
In wilderness, or wave, I love thee still,
For thou alone hast power the pangs to balm,
That, but for thy sweet antidote, must *kill.*
Not, that I dare impeach the lofty will,
Which, like the lightning, struck me to the earth;
If mine are wounds too deep for human skill,
If bitter tears now mingle with my mirth;
I own the solemn bond—the burthen of man's birth!

III.

"Three sultry days, and then a thunder storm!"
France *condescends* to borrow England's weather;
So be it; *I* shall ask *no* sky-reform:
Better be drenched, than roast for months together;
Having your visage turned to varnished leather;
Earth fit for nothing, but a snake or ferret;
Hill, dale and plain, one crackling sheet of heather;
The world half burnt, "with all that it inherit,"
I think, upon the whole, *our* thunder-storms *have* merit.

IV.

Once, for my sins, I "summered it" abroad;
'Twas in that "land of rapture," Italy!
Within a week, my very soul was flawed;
Crackt like a jar! life round me ceased *to be.*
Off dropped the leaves from flower, and shrub, and tree;
Stript, like a ball-room belle, stood every vine;
(Romance, of course, will see what it *will* see.)
All that *I* saw, from Alp to Appennine,
Was grimness, dust, and glare,—a landscape of the Line!

V.

The storm has come!—I love that world of clouds,
With all its deepening, darkening, rolling, rushing!
Now, spreading, pale and wild, like giant shrouds;
Now, pile on pile, in fiery sunlight flushing;
Now, with the rain from all its fountains gushing;
Then, stooping on the hills, like funeral palls,
The thunderbolts the forest-monarchs crushing;
The streamlets bursting down in waterfalls;
Till comes the golden ray, to paint its airy halls.

VI.

The thunder dies away; the storm is past;—
The sun looks out from heaven, a lovelier sun;
The rain-drops from the trees fall bright and fast;
The rainbow shoots across the vapours dun;
The leverets o'er the freshened herbage run;
The flowers all seem their sister flowers caressing;
A general evening anthem has begun;
The birds, in song their little souls confessing;
Field, forest, breathing up their incense for the blessing!

VII.

I have been long a connoisseur in storms—
Not these slight sprinklers of the summer plain;
But, would you worship Nature's grandest forms,
Leave forest, field, and mountain's marble chain;
And seek the goddess in her own domain,
The Ocean in its strength;—the blinding blaze;
The blasts, like iron columns; tropic rain
Pouring in cataracts; the sheeted sprays;
The tempest hiding Heaven, for desperate nights and days.

VIII.

Take *my* experience in those showy things;
None (but your yachtmen) scorn a hurricane.
First, all is stillness; to the mast-head clings
The lumbering sail; no breath disturbs the vane;
The low horizon shows a blood-like stain;
The sky looks coppery; the air seems lead;
Far thunders mutter; fall slow drops of rain;
The sun on huge brown billows lays his head,
Then, shoots one broad red glare, and day at once is fled.

IX.

Night drops death-dark; and, if on board a ship,
At anchor in some Windward island's lee,
You 're *sure* to dream of taking your last trip,
Down to the bottom of the "deep deep" sea;
A million sharks upon you making free!
You *feel* their triple grinders taking bites!
You scream, and bounce from bed; the bell strikes three;
(The blackest hour of black West Indian nights;)
You find the crew all up, and hammering the dead-lights!

X.

Landward, the view is thick as Indian ink;
Save where you see the flashing of a gun,
Or the wild tossing of some negro's link,
Waiting to pick your pocket, when *all's done!*
Ships, cutting cables, plump upon you run,
Threatening to send you to the "sailor's home."
Shouts, shrieks, and thunder-peals, your ear-drums stun;
Seaward, you see but one wide world of foam,
Surge rolling upon surge, huge as St. Peter's dome!

XI.

If peeps the moon, the sight but grows more horrid;
She looks a ghost, above a boundless grave;
With "hat-band" clouds about her dismal forehead;
The winds all howling out your funeral stave!
Then comes a crash—a groan!—that mountain-wave
Has done the deed!—the cable 's snapt asunder!—
Your anchor 's gone!—You need but choose, what cave,
Or crag, your Worship wishes to lie under;
With grampusses for mutes; chief mourners, surge and thunder!

XII.

Then, chops the wind—at first, a stout north-wester,
Right in your teeth; you reef, so forth, and brail;
Thinking all snug.—Then comes a stout north-easter,
Right on your stern; away go shroud and sail!
No sooner has it caught you by the tail,
Than comes another, stiff upon your beam;
Your vessel pitches, like a stranded whale;
You hear the water rush through leak and seam;
And whirl away bare-poled, along the Great Gulf Stream!

XIII.

But, when the gale is done, Jack's work is done;
He takes his sport, with all the world before him;
Cares for the world no more than his great gun!
No taxes, politics, or fashions, *bore* him;
Happy to think that all the sex adore him!
He rows life's long-boat with a hearty pull;
(Unless some land-shark manages to *shore* him;)
Steady of heart and hand, and quick of scull:
Yet there *are* tales of thy simplicity, John Bull!

XIV.

THE FRIGATE.

Her Majesty's crack frigate, the Osiris,
Was dropping down the Eastern-Indian Isles;
The sea around her coloured like an iris;
The clouds a mass of gold and silver piles;
The shore all spice and flowers—all Nature smiles!
The breeze, six knots an hour; the leadsman's tune,
Sweet ringing, as he measured off the miles.
When, from the cabin, like a fire-balloon,
The boatswain burst, and roared—"Prepare for the Typhoon!"

XV.

'Tis known, this Indian tempest gives no warning;
The sea is smooth as glass, the sky is clear;
Yet it would swamp the Channel-fleet by morning.
The only sign is the barometer;
When *it* sinks suddenly, the danger's near.
The captain, lounging o'er his port and cheese,
Had seen it shake; although his eager ear
Could catch no swell of either surge or breeze;
He looked again; plump down it went five—ten degrees!

XVI.

"All hands aloft!" Down rattled each sky-scraper!
Topsail, topgallant, mizen, all they go!
Yet round the whole horizon, not a vapour;
Still the old Quartermaster, from below,
Cried—"Glass still falling; steadily, though slow."
The frigate now stood naked to her hull,
Heaving with every billow to and fro;
Loose on the water, as a wounded gull!
Captain, Lieutenants, Mids, and Tars, all looking dull!

XVII.

Soon, with the tide, up came a fleet of junks,
Toiling along, like horses in a mill;
Jack had his jest against those floating trunks:
"John Chinaman will shortly pay his bill!"
They worked along; the frigate stood stock still!
Then came a Yankee steamer, all on smoke.
Jack scoffed—"Old Jonathan may make his Will;
"He'll quickly find typhooning is no joke;
"He'll reach his anchorage to-night, without his coke!"

XVIII.

Next came a Frenchman, steering for Canton;
Smooth as the slipper on a lady's foot,
A showy six-and-thirty, dancing on.
"Crapaud" is saucy; so, for a salute,
He roared with laughter!—every tar was mute:
But, fierce and furious; longed to change his tune,
But saw him onwards like a dolphin shoot.
Their only comfort—"Well, he 'll have it soon;
"He 'll sing another song to-night, in the typhoon!"

XIX.

The day went down. The evening in this climate
Is lovely; but *this* evening was sublime!
The sun sat throned in gold—a great sky-primate.
Jack sulked at all, the sun, the sea, the clime.
The mercury was watched from time to time,
And still reported "falling;" though the gale
Came whispering, rich with scents of grape and lime.
Stars rose by millions, yet not one was pale!
Jack paced the deck in wrath; there lay yard, mast, and sail!

XX.

Morn came at last; but, from the island-bays,
Out swarmed a locust-flight of war-canoes,
Those robbers of all nations, the Malays,
As black as Satan in their hearts and hues,
Reckoning to sack her Majesty's "true blues."
Thinking the frigate fixed upon a shoal,
They peppered her with matchlocks and long-twos;
While Jack, with many a writhe of face and soul,
Stood to be raked, as still as shore-boats in a mole!

XXI.

'Tis true, he blazed until his guns were hot;
But, might as well have blazed them at the moon!
The men in black, each chose his favourite spot,
Where he might fire from January to June.
Jack whistled, howled, danced, raved for the typhoon!
The captain to the doctors was sent wounded;
The master, and lieutenant followed soon;
The water in the hold "six feet" was sounded!
Seldom was fighting bark more consummately pounded!

XXII.

The captain, stretched upon the cabin-floor,
Casting around an agonizing eye;
Saw something trickle, like a drop of ore—
By Mars and Venus, 'twas the mercury!—
The glass had cracked, and oozed!—He sprang sky-high!
Jumped upon deck, and shouted—"Make all sail!"
Out burst three cheers! like birds the topmen fly!
Grape, round, and canister, poured thick as hail!
The pirates fled, and Jack rushed off before the gale!

XXIII.

MIRABEAU.

Now, rise before me the Provençal hills;
Glory of Novels, "Paradise of France!
"Where wine from every highway hedge distils,
"And life's sole labour is, to sing and dance!"
Alas, for all the honours of Romance!
The morning cuts your midriff with the *Bise!*
Noon burns your cuticle, and blinds your glance!
The evening dews your very heart-veins freeze!
Night is despair—the reign of Pharaoh's plague of fl—s!

XXIV.

And yet, I paused, to see an old château;
Now but a heap of ivy-mantled stones;
The fortress of thy fathers, Mirabeau!—
Thou man of contradictions!—prop of thrones,
Yet, the hot marrow in Rebellion's bones;
The Monarch's hireling; yet the rabble's king!
Courtier, yet brazen trump of faction's tones!
Thy genius, half swine's hoof, half eagle's wing!
Bold, coward, patriot, slave, tool, traitor,—everything!

XXV.

These are the men one hates, and yet admires;
The base, yet brilliant, actors on life's stage;
The Titan-brood, with serpents for their sires;
The shame and scorn, but, wonder of their age;
Wild mixture of the savage and the sage;
Fierce summoners to that consummate fray,
Which tainted thrones with maddened nations wage;
Dark heralds of the last, avenging day,
When diadems are crushed, and those who crushed them—
clay!

XXVI.

Those are the tribe whose mission is, to teach,
Not learn;—interpreters of fate to men.
Instinct, their thoughts; their tongues, of mighty speech;
Too fiery for the slow-performing pen.
There never rushed the lion from his den,
Rousing the forest-echoes with his roar;
More marked by nature for the fight; than when
This tribe their way to sanguine triumph tore,
Leaving the world in doubt, to dread them, or adore.

XXVII.

Do I grow fretful?—No; no revolutions,
No overthrows, for me or for my heir;
My rental wants no new-light distributions;
I want no Yankee presidential chair.
Still, there *is* something in the sudden glare;
This flush and rush of minds, till then unknown;
This drinking of oxygenated air;
This filling with live blood the heart of stone;
(Remember, I picked up lance-heads in Marathon).

XXVIII.

ATHENS! thou hadst a hundred thousand faults,
Perhaps a million, in thy "seventy" years!
Yet, take the dynasty in Hapsburg's vaults,
With their ten centuries of saints and seers,
Could *they* produce thy equals, for their ears?
Tell us, what made thy men like beacon-flames;
Thy genius, keen and sparkling as thy spears?
What built thy temples, stòas, academes?
Thou galaxy of earth's imperishable names!

XXIX.

Some find the secret in thy purple seas;
Some in thy hills—nay, some in thy fresh air!
Thou hast *them* still; but *no* Euripides;
No Eschylus now shocks our "fell of hair,"
Smiting the spirit with his grand despair!
No Sophocles ascends the Drama's throne;
No Socrates now takes the sage's chair:
Where is the trumpet, once by Pindar blown?
And Alcibiades—all *thy* wild oats are sown!

XXX.

Earth's rough, yet noblest spell is—Energy!
Mind's hammer, hatchet, plough! the stern-faced dun,
That makes us pay our debt to man—or die!
Never to halt, until the race is run—
To know no weariness; no danger shun;
Until Time's hand has struck the crowning hour—
To think that nothing 's done, till all is done—
Through day and night, through sunshine and through shower,
To fight the gallant fight!—Resolve itself is power!

XXXI.

'Twas evening when I first saw Marathon.
As down its rocky pass my way I wound,
I thought I ne'er saw loneliness so lone;
All nature seemed to say, 'twas hallowed ground!
One ray of splendour touched the grass-grown mound,
That marks the fall'n Athenians' sepulchre;
All else was dim; but, on the hills around
Blazed the full glory of the setting sphere:
All still! no sound of man disturbed the eye or ear!

XXXII.

I lingered long, and "fancy had her fill,"
Peopling the twilight with "the things that were."
At once, a horn came echoing from the hill;
I started; but *no* phalanx glittered there—
'Twas an old hermit's call to evening prayer,
Gathering the mountain shepherds to his cell;
And soon I saw them in the sinking glare,
Each with his infants, coming up the dell:
That hermit was their priest; that horn their vesper bell.

XXXIII.

I am no whimperer o'er antique graves;
But, if each nation had a Marathon,
Think you the world would vegetate with slaves?
Nay, if the patriot found his grave alone;
If the last ray of freedom on him shone;
Such spots would be fresh founts of memory;
The rudest name upon the moss-grown stone
Would be a trophy to the heart and eye;
A lesson how to live—a lesson how to die.

XXXIV.

THE CHARTREUSE.

Yet stop—how *could* I hope to be forgiven
By Earth's and England's brightest, best, the *Blues!*
Unless my tourist-sins were duly shriven,
(A Christian Hadgi), at the Grande Chartreuse.
I spare my countrymen the "heights and hues,"
"Chasms, deep as death,—Lakes, lucid as a mirror!"
(Not liking much to tread in others' shoes;)
Throw in, *ad libitum*, "Awe! Wonder! Terror!"
Add, "barrenness, and bog,"—you 'll not be much in error.

XXXV.

Its monks!—Yet, what have *I* to do with monks?
Cumberers of earth; but made, to sleep and die;
In Life's green forestry, the withered trunks;
(Not seldom "Hogs of Epicurus' sty;")
I doubt if I should give a single sigh,
If their whole race were in their church-yards flung.—
How could I live and breathe (I 'd scorn to try)
Without the silver sound of woman's tongue;
Life 's *sal volatile*—that Lyre for ever strung!

XXXVI.

Three fourths of all I saw, were born to ploughs,
Or destined—spade in hand—to "mend our ways;"
But, 'twas much pleasanter to make their vows
To walk the world in petticoats of baize;
Living on alms; their years all holidays!—
Huge caterpillars, basking in the sun;
Or fixing, in wild reveries, their gaze
On the rich features of some sainted nun:
Rome, Rome! it is not *thus*, that Life's high deeds are done.

XXXVII.

But then—"They look *so* pious and pathetic;
So tonsured, sack-clothed, sallow, and resigned!"
Enquire in London, "Wanted an Ascetic;"
The "Times" will find you hundreds, to your mind,
Aye, thousands; all as piously inclined
To eat and drink for nothing, all their lives,
As any monk that ever dozed or dined:
Ready to trick their debtors, 'scape their wives,
Wear cowls, and cant, and fill with droneship all your hives.

XXXVIII.

Now, Grande Chartreuse, thy tale is quickly told—
A labyrinth of cell and corridor;
The pile, huge, melancholy, lumbering, old;
(The world grows wise, it builds these dens no more.)
Here sudden ague strikes through every pore;
Here reigns supreme the weariness of life;
(Life *Lethe*, monks the weeds upon its shore!)
One wonders *how* they keep from rope, or knife,
And wishes each dumb wretch, an honest trade, and *wife*.

XXXIX

What man of *mind* has ever seen the cloister,
But asked the question, "*Why*, such things were made
Was it to teach our race to ape the oyster,
Stuck to the stone, for ever, where 'twas laid?
Religion, but a hypocrite parade!
Man's glowing heart, and woman's love—a *crime!*
Life, a low game, by mutes and mummers played!
Existence measured by the church-clock's chime!—
But, take a "little fact," *some* years before *my* time.

XL.

THE PENITENTS.

At Padre Caravita's, during Lent,
The Friars dress in sackcloth, trimmed with ashes;
Lights are put out, and every penitent,
Credits himself to Heaven, some dozen lashes;
(The walls and pillars getting all the slashes;)
The flogger setting up a pious moan,
At every item of the bill he cashes:
Still working desperately at the stone,
But, giving not a touch to his own flesh and bone!

XLI.

One evening, as they sang their "Miserere,"
With half the city listening at the door,
(I think this famous chorus dull and dreary,)
Was heard a yell within, 'twas soon a roar,
Then, a pitched battle on the holy floor;
Screams to the Virgin, howls to every saint!
All thought the Fiend had come to claim his score.
The men began to fly, the sex to faint;
I leave the rest, to some new Fuseli, to paint.

XLII.

And still the battle raged, the howls came thicker;
Matters seemed looking black for "Church and State."
Up marched the pursy guards of Rome's "Grand Vicar,"
Heroes, not much inclined to tempt their fate,
For, not a soul of them would touch the gate.
At last, out burst the Penitents, *all whipped;*
Roaring at this new payment of "Church Rate."
The truth transpired—An Englishman, equipped
In cowl and gown, within the Padre's porch had slipped.

XLIII.

He waited, till the holy farce began;
All stript; all dark; not even a taper's smoke:
Then, marking a fat Friar for his man,
And taking a stout horsewhip from his cloak,
On his broad back he laid a hearty stroke!
The victim shrieked, as if he felt a sabre;
John Bull amazingly enjoyed the joke!
Proceeding, all the mummers to belabour,
While, each revenged the stripes upon his naked neighbour!

XLIV.

Yet when I left, Chartreuse, thy stately gate,
And bade the men of silent shrugs, good bye,
(First having dropt my tribute in their plate,)
And, from the hill-top, saw the convent lie,
So calm below, beneath the broad, bright sky;
It *almost* struck me, that, in Life's rough game,
The frozen monk *may* throw the winning die;
Escaping wealth's hard work, ambition's flame,—
His life-long sleep unbroke by hope, or fear, or fame.

XLV.

IGNAVIÆ ENCOMIUM.

What 's Fame?—a wind that never blows a week,
Yet sets the world all pecking at your name.
What 's Fame?—a bubble, which all long to break!
A horse, that all the "knowing ones" vote "lame!"—
I 've known some fifty "lions," all grown tame!
Five hundred "heroes," quiet as their mothers!
(Fashion gone off, to hunt some newer game.)
Glory, like gipsies, its own offspring smothers.
I 've seen Pitt, Fox, Tom Thumb, Guizot, and Richard Brothers!

XLVI.

Must earth be toil, and be *for ever* toil?
Must War, and Want, and Cold, and Clay—be Man?
Year upon year but changes of turmoil;
Hearts sick, and faces with heartsickness wan!
I wish some hand, alert at the trepan,
Would give *my* brain a "bump" for gown or cowl;
A taste for monkism; life without a plan;
The nearest to the *status* of an owl;
Yet, what is human life?—the odds are for the fowl!

XLVII.

What if your owl has neither child nor wife?
Per contra, he has all his own dear will!
What if he leads a somewhat mopish life?
He pays no income-tax, no Bond-street bill;
No monarch sends him to be killed, or kill!
What if his wing with midnight walks is wet?
No magistrate can send him to "the mill."
He has no hard-worked conscience—"to be let!"
Your owl is never drunk, in dudgeon, or in debt!

XLVIII.

'Tis true, he now and then sits *rather* late;
But, 'tis for business, and that business sport!
He never hears a sixteen hours' debate
On herrings, hogsheads, and the price of port.
He 'scapes Whig wit, and Treasury retort;
(Owl as he is, he 's not in parliament!)
Nor cares a bean who 's "*in*," or "*out*," at court;
Nor trembles, if the funds fall cent. per cent.;
Nor, like your Irish lords, gets bullets for his rent!

XLIX.

Yes, give me but my choice, I 'd be a bird;
But, it must be an osprey—a sea-king!
Wherever gale awoke, or billow stirred,
Breasting the tempest; ever on the wing!
Steering, when Winter frowned, to seek the Spring,
By "vext Bermoothes," or some Indian shore.
Then, tired of sunshine, on the whirlwind fling
My broad black pinion, for my sail and oar,
Till once again I heard my northern surges roar.

L.

Then, I should colonize; choose some bright spot,
Some nobler Kilda, in some mightier main;
Where, though man might be eaten, birds might *not;*
Nor idle lordlings filled their bags with slain.
Then, looking down, with dignified disdain,
On man, the wretch!—the sport of winds and waves!
Throned on my promontory's granite chain,
Scoff at the world's *unfeathered* tribe of slaves,
Toiling to find, at best, but coroneted graves!

LI.

Or, I should take my tour—that tour, the World!
My road the clouds; my gallopers the wind!
What were your boilers, to my plumes unfurled,
Making five hundred miles before I dined?
No beggar passport *my* bold path to bind,
(That pettiest privilege of petty kings;
Those well-dressed men, whom all conspire to blind:)
Taking my "bird's-eye" view of men and things,
Teaching the world the grand supremacy of wings!

LII.

FREDERICSHALL.

How seldom have Earth's living thunderbolts,
Her Warrior-kings, burnt out upon their pillow!
Their lives all battles, treasons, feuds, revolts;
Their end in murder, madness, or the billow;
Or, worst of all, Napoleon and his willow!
—To climb, and then, be tumbled from, a throne!
Their fall empois'ning every peccadillo;
With every hand prepared to throw the stone.—
"*Restez tranquille.*" I say, to *all*—"Let well alone."

LIII.

I sometimes visit scenes, where famous men
Have dropped that restless particle, the soul.
This led me, Fredericshall, to thy wild glen,
The field of battle nearest to the Pole,
Where Charles the hero, found the warrior's goal.
You make the land, by Norway's storm-beat beach.
Up-helm; and follow, where the Ocean's roll
Bursts roaring through a mountain's marble breach;
All, thundering surge without,—within, a dark, deep Reach.

LIV.

You wind along, and all is loneliness;
One almost strikes the rock on either hand;
Huge walls of rock above you seem to press.
Again light gleams;—the dim ravines expand,
You see a wild, sweet scene of Fairy-land:
Forests of branching oak, and towering pine,
Circle bright waters, edged with silver sand,
And, dashing down the mountain's coloured chine,
Like cataracts from the clouds, a hundred torrents shine.

LV.

Now, climb the hill-top! In the vale below,
Lies, like a group of molehills, Fredericshall,
The shattered guardian of its realm of snow;
No longer worth the waste of shell and ball.
A simple pillar marks *his* nameless fall,
Whose name once made the ears of Europe ring.
Oh, Fame, thou jilt of jilts! and is this all?
His all, who clipped the Russian Eagle's wing;
The man of iron soul—Ay, "every inch a King?"

LVI.

His end was sudden;—yet it might be worse:—
Sebastian perished in a den, or dyke;
Luther's old Cæsar, with a nun for nurse;
The Lutzen King, by pistol or by pike;
Others by poison, spleen, or what you like.
But thine, bold Charles, was death without a groan,
Thy hand upon thy sword, in act to strike;
Thy forehead to the foe.—Thy spirit flown;
Escaping, at one gasp, gout, heartache, and—a throne!

NOTES TO CANTO V.

Page 124, line 1.

The Osiris.

I am not *certain* that this venerable name is to be found in the Navy List; but, as a "Nautical Historian," I pledge myself for the fact.

Page 128, line 15.

Bise.

The Alpine wind.

Page 129, line 3.

Mirabeau.

On a height near Monasque, are the ruins of the chateau in which the celebrated Mirabeau spent his early years. The first orator of France in his day, he was the most popular man with the people, and for a while the most confidential man with the king. But his life had hastened the revolution, and his death was the fatal blow of the monarchy.

Page 131, line 1.

Athens.

The period of Athenian supremacy was but seventy years!

Page 134, line 4.

The Grand Chartreuse.

A convent founded by St. Bruno, among the mountains of Dauphine. The monks, in the more rigid days of their order, were forbidden the use of speech, except on Sundays and fête days. They once formed a numerous community, and possessed a large extent of the surrounding country. It was a lazy life for thousands, a life of suffering for a few, and an useless life for all. Bruno, who was a German, did little more than give the monks his example and his name. Guignes, their prior in the twelfth century, gave them the

rules of the order. The approach of women to the convent was forbidden in the most prohibitory and ridiculous terms: the rule on the subject declaring, that women have been irresistible in all ages. "Remember," says this document, "David, Solomon, Samson and Lot, and Adam himself. Remember, too, that man cannot hide a fire in his bosom without burning his clothes, nor walk on burning embers without scorching the soles of his feet." The monk must have had a like glowing conception of the tyranny and the temptations of the sex.

Page 134, line 10.

Its monks.

The generality of monks and nuns in Romish countries are merely peasants, loose and lazy; who would rather do anything than work for their bread.

Page 138, line 8.

An Englishman equipped.

An exploit of Sir Thomas Dashwood at the Oratorio di Padre Caravita, the general whipping chapel, in Rome.

Page 139, line 18.

Tom Thumb.

The general.

Page 139, line 18.

Richard Brothers.

A fanatic, who published political visions, some years ago. He adopted the style of Bunyan, but without the talent of that most marvellous of cobblers.

Page 145, line 2.

Sebastian perished.

The King of Portugal, defeated in a battle against the Moors; his return is said to be still expected by the peasantry. Charles the Fifth died in partial idiotcy, attended by monks and nuns. The Lutzen King, Gustavus of Sweden, was shot in the victory of Lutzen, probably assassinated by one of his officers. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden was shot at the siege of Fredericshall, in Norway, and also supposed to have been assassinated.

CANTO VI.

THE CLARET VINEYARDS—THE GIRONDE—THE COLONEL OF HULANS—NISMES—THE CAMISARDS—PUBLIC CHARACTERS—ABD-EL-KADER—THE MOORISH BANQUET.

I.

One peep upon thy "flowery banks," Garonne,
Before I turn my ponies' heads from France.
"Thy flowery banks,"—*ma foi*—half marsh, half stone!
A few scrubbed trees, as leafless as a lance;
Deep gullies, where green, stagnant waters glance;
Brown sheets of sand, mud mounds, and heaps of gravel:
Hovels, where, all night long, mosquitoes dance;
Plains, where but thistles thrive, and donkeys travel;—
I now proceed, Garonne, thy *glories* to unravel.

II.

What shall I choose, *à boire?* The world's first vintage
Sparkles before me, with its hundred names;
Nature's prime glass, for taste, *bouquet*, and tintage!
Pray, Nature, is it not a thousand shames,
That England, from the Ganges to the Thames,
Has *never* made a glass of wine, *re verâ*.
What tinsel sets this fighting world in flames?
I'll seize Bordeaux, or colonize Madeira—
War then would stamp *some* sense, on Britain's "glorious era."

III.

Medoc! thou charmer!—*Not* in outward show,
(Unless a sand-bank landscape can be pretty,)
But, all *thy* names are spells—Château-Margaux!
(Enough, to wake a "Privilege Committee,"
Nay, make the College of Physicians witty,)
Latour, Lafitte, with old Sir Samuel's brands;
(Man's sole excuse for dining in "the City.")
Thou nectar-fount, amid the Desert sands;
Thou purple Bacchus-bath, Oasis of the Landes!

IV.

This was the charm, that *made* the Girondist—
Gascon of Gascons,—folly turned sublime!
The will-o'-wisp of France's sanguine mist;
The noblest madman of a maddened time,
Embodied essence of his vinous clime!
Young Vergniaud's fiery tongue, bold Gensonnè,
The Harlequins of France's Pantomime,
Brilliant, though *rather* fierce, (like snakes at play.)
All guillotined, at last; but then—they had their day.

V.

They had their day—and what can man have more?
Theirs were not souls to dwindle into age.
They had their triumph, in the rabble's roar:
They showed their buskins on the rabble stage;
They had the Frenchman's wish—they *were* the "*rage!*"
They ran their season—like a cap or gown;
They fill, at least, a note, in history's page;
Like Punch's trumpet, they awoke "the Town."
They climbed their slippery pole—well, what is all renown?

VI.

Thus, young Achilles, bright and beautiful,
Sheathed in new armour, battling with the gods,
(Nay, to his king not much more dutiful,)
Disdained to linger down our life of clods,
Left, to his brother-monarchs their "white rods!"
Their "maids of honour," "stars," and elbow-chairs;
Took Fortune's gallant game, "against the odds;"
To Glory's topmost turret sprang up-stairs,
And left the World below, to night-caps and grey hairs!

VII.

And yet, amid thy plains of sand, Medoc,
My ramblings found a little, shadowy vale,
Where many a blossom draperied the rock,
And rich exotics still perfumed the gale;
And, tissued with the woodbine's blushing trail,
A Tuscan portal stood, by Time deep-dyed:—
I still remember its old owner's tale,
Told me, one evening, by my peasant guide;
Its moral—"Don't provoke your man—*until* he 's tried."

VIII.

THE COLONEL OF HULANS.

But, to my tale.—Prince Wolfgang, Slachter-Sclavo,
A famous name in old Croatia's clans,
Much of the prince, (and *something* of the bravo;)
A native monarch, in his mountain Schanze;
Was Austria's first-rate Colonel of Hulans;
Whiskered like twenty tigers, six feet four—
Woe to the man who cut across his plans,
Sabres were out, the business soon was o'er.
Young, handsome,—he was all, that all court dames adore.

IX.

One evening, as he strode along the Prater,
All lace and diamonds, for a palace ball;
He saw an old Italian and his daughter,
Watching the sunset by the Rosenthal.
The girl was lovely, bright-eyed; once for all,
Around her neck our hero threw his arms.
The startled beauty gave an ultra-squall,
Flew like a frightened bird, and shawl'd her charms.
Her father grasped him fast, and up came the gendarmes.

X.

"Fool," cried the Prince, "I have no time to waste,
Here, take this purse, and wipe the *jungfrau's* eyes,
I wish her but less tongue, and better taste."
The father, with a burning cheek, replies,
"*I* pardon insult, when the insulter *dies*."
His Highness stared—"What! *you* want satisfaction?
Well, if you *will* be pinked, come on—time flies!"
The daughter rushed between them in distraction,
She fainted, and the pair were instantly in action.

XI.

The Prince had fought a score of dashing duels;
A hair-splitter with pistol, lance and sabre;
But, if you now had given him the crown-jewels,
He could not touch the coat-skirts of his neighbour.
In vain he shifted, lunged—he lost his labour.
He felt a twinge,—his court costume was gored!
Wild as a dancing Dervish to his tabor,
He bounded; lunge on lunge in vain were poured;
He felt another twinge—grew faint, and dropped his sword!

XII.

That night, the Prince was missing at the ball.
His pair of twinges housed him six long weeks!
Court sorrow, ev'n for "Highnesses," is small:
The ladies thought him "shot among the Greeks."
The nobles thought him gone to stop the leaks,
That Faro makes in many a noble purse;
But when they saw him come, with hollow cheeks,
And all his staff, a doctor and a nurse,
They laughed and wished him joy.—"'Twas well it was no worse."

XIII.

Six months rolled on; he was himself again,
Was General, and Imperial Aide-de-camp,
When started up at Shonbrunn, of all men,
The old Italian, in the birthday-throng!
"Prince," whispered he, "when one has done me wrong,
I punish him, until he does me right—
You are a clever swordsman, come along!"
"Friend," said the startled Prince, "'Tis gala-night."
"March," was the sole reply; "while *they* dance on, *we'll* fight."

XIV.

His Highness wished him at th' Antipodes,
But, when one has no help for 't, one *must* go.
'Twas a sweet evening, fragrance all the breeze,
The stars began deliciously to glow,
Through the tall casements gleamed th' Imperial show.
His Highness would much rather have been dancing;
But there they stood, with swords out, toe to toe.
(I spare the ladies all the sabre-glancing)
The Prince soon got a hit, which spoiled that night's romancing.

XV.

The old Italian brought him some pond water;
(Tastes in such circumstances are not nice.)
And parting said—"*That* touch was from my daughter,
Who bade me give your Highness this advice;
'No more to think all virtue has its price.'"
So, gently laying him upon his back,
He made his bow, and vanished in a trice.
There lay his Highness, filled with musings black,
Of muffled drum, plumed hearse, led horse, and crape shabracque.

XVI.

It cost him just a twelvemonth, to recover.
At length, he dropped the *luxury* of crutches;
Flew to St. Petersburg, to get all over;
Thought he had 'scaped, at last, his torturer's clutches,
And flirted with a millionnaire, a Duchess.
His suit was on the instant of succeeding,
When, presto! by him passed the man of touches,
Who coolly whispered, on his boot-toe treading,
"Five minutes with you, Prince, before your noble wedding."

XVII.

He shuddered at the sound; soup-maigre, flannel,
Rushed on his soul, he sickened of ptisan;
He wished himself in Neva's deepest channel,
You might have brained the warrior with a fan:
Down his bold forehead drops of anguish ran.
A twelvemonth more between his bed and chair!
Was quite enough a General to unman.
The old Italian, with his calm, cool air,
Led on from street to street—he followed in despair.

XVIII.

Earth has few places, where one's final gaze
Could bid the world a more superb good night:
Palace on Palace, in the sunset blaze;
  Peter's bronze statue, glittering on its height,
  The Monolithe, a shaft of sculptured light,
The Neva's sheet of lapis-lazuli,
  The Taurida, like frosted silver, bright—
Domes, flags, costumes of every rainbow dye;
And, vaulting all earth's pomp, the North's most sapphire sky.

XIX.

Their way was by the Admiralty-Strasse,
  They left it filled with man and woman-kind;
The Prince glanced back upon the glittering mass,
  And wished his old tormentor dead or blind.
  They stopped at last.—A scream was heard behind,
A female sprang between their sabres drawn,
  Then on the old Italian's neck reclined,
Panting and trembling, like a frightened fawn;
His Highness gazed— and found new light upon him dawn.

XX.

Though no great sentimentalist, her bloom
Had often, in his fancy, seemed to sail
Across the darkness of his lonely room.
He thought her lovelier still, though now so pale.
Ladies, pray, finish for yourselves the tale.
Woman *is* woman, whether young or old.
The rose, they say, best blossoms in the gale.
The maiden's blush, the sex's story told.
Some love the impudent, but *all* adore the bold!

XXI.

When all was settled, swords on both sides sheathed,
His hand a captive to the lady's eyes;
('Twas the first time that he had freely breathed,
For two full years or more) his Highness cries,
"*Mon père*, now tell me, *where* the secret lies,
That in our tiltings gave my sword no chance."
"Prince," said *Mon père* "let that be no surprise;
All Europe knows me—I'm The Count Vaillance,
First swordsman to the Guards, and *Grande Epée de France!*"

XXII.

NISMES.

Nismes, it was not thy Amphitheatre,
Though, model of the lovely and the vast;
Nor Parian temple, in its thousandth year,
(Rome's legacy, her noblest and her last,)
Standing, the bright memorial of the past,
That almost won the homage of my knee.
My glance upon a rugged scene was cast,
The lowly haunt of pain and poverty—
The place of martyrdom, the mouldering Boucarie.

XXIII.

On that stern spot once stood the Camisard!
The axe before him, on his neck the chain;
Bleeding and bound, amid the scoffing guard,
With all their dark machinery of pain;
All that could rend the heart, or fire the brain;—
Yet, not a sigh escaped, or murmur fell—
Who can believe such blood was shed in vain?
Let dotards talk of monk's or hermit's cell;
Heroes of living faith, ye served your Master well!

XXIV.

Ye *proved,* what Faith and Nature have in store;
The slumbering majesty, the viewless might.
What knew those gallant hearts, of classic lore?
They had no lesson from the Stagyrite,
No shade of Brutus flashed upon their sight,
No Cato taught the goatherd how to die—
But, in their bosoms blazed a quenchless light,
As high o'er Greece and Rome, as Heaven is high.
Blest be the humble spot, where still their reliques lie!

XXV.

And still, their names are living through the hills;
Their bold adventures fill the peasant's ear;
And many a tear from woman's eye distils,
While round her knee her children throng to hear,
Of Ravenel, Jonquet, and Cavalier.
And still the rhymes of many a rustic bard,
The wandering minstrel of the mountaineer,
Record the days of glory, though ill-starred,
When France's marshals fled before the Camisard.

XXVI.

Forward—I feel new life in every gale,
Joy in the skies, and sweets in every brake;
Beneath me, from this height, lie hill and dale.
I catch the flash of sunlight from the lake,
I see the river, like a silver snake,
Winding round many a Baron's ancient hold—
Proud seats of power, that only Time could shake;
Some, still in frowning grandeur, broad and bold,
Some, wrapt, (like creeping age) in ivy's thick-wove fold.

XXVII.

What if the Royal Writ was, now and then,
Answered by cannon-shot, and trumpet-calls?
"'Tis true, 'tis pity."—But, men *will* be men:
Life is a lake, it stagnates without squalls.
Long tables were the style within those walls;
Of course, long dinings, dancings, maskings, songs;
Old, red-nosed Abbots, in their purple palls,
Embroidered matrons, and young "loves," in throngs.
If "rights" make mankind dull, give *me* the age of "wrongs!"

XXVIII.

But then, their scaffolds, dungeons, chains for life!
(Must *I* apologize for things like these?)
And yet—suppose the Baron had a wife,
Sharp-nailed, long-tongued, a sort of home disease,
A sweetmeat soured, champagne upon the lees!
Might not his "Lordship" take, or make, the law?—
(Men, in this world, *may* like themselves to please,)
Settling domestic points, without *eclat;*
Before the chancellor's curls kept all the world in awe.

XXIX.

I say no more—But those *were* merry times;
With all their fancies, frolics, and *costumi*,
Italian festivals, Provençal rhymes—
"Death," the least sentence passed upon the gloomy,
Blue-devils, all banished to their native *Numi.*
Then Character was stamped, strong, full, and clear,
But now, John Bull—ah! "Bos procumbit humi,"
Our stars of wit, the clever and the queer,
Drop out of Fashion's skies, and leave us darkling here.

XXX.

Where shall we find thy rival, sportive SYDNEY?
Tory in heart, and Whig alone in name,
(Their solemn spleen was never of thy kidney)
Yet making of them both thy lawful game.
SWIFT's living portrait, in a Canon's frame!
Now kicking Peachum, and now trouncing Lockit;
Time only giving brightness to thy fame,
Thy humour burning broadest, in its socket.
Thou 'rt gone, with all thy blaze, thou reverend Congreve-rocket.

XXXI.

At some huge dinner of some huge Lord Mayor,
An Actor, placed by chance, beside the Wit,
Listening with very patronizing air;
Next day, in his munificence, thought fit,
To send a "free admission" for his Pit.
The answer came—"Good sir, within *your* walls,
Gout and old age prohibit me to sit;
But, as *we* too have galleries and stalls,
I send you here, a 'free admission' to St. Paul's."

XXXII.

Earth has not tact enough to "double" Brummell!
Our pantomime has lost its Pantaloon.
No living leg can cross his hobby's pummel,
Buffoon, but still earth's cleverest buffoon.
Do I not see his visage in the Moon,
Making its mouths at this dull globe of earth?
None in our Grand Goose-pie now dips the spoon;
Wit is a foundling, strangled in its birth;
Pounds, shillings, pence, are now our wisdom, wit, and mirth.

XXXIII.

King of the Dandies! now, thy reign is done,
(I speak with reverence of *all* kings—and queens;)
Forgotten, like the Whigs, or Babylon!
Once lawgiver in snuff-boxes and screens;
Whispering cool truths to beauties past their teens;
Making old Princes laugh, while wigs were curled;
Limning the May-Fair hatreds, loves, and "scenes:"
(Too soon, like Phaeton, from high-life hurled.)
We miss thee terribly, in this old, tiresome World.

XXXIV.

Well, thou art gone—So go all earthly things:
Cæsar is clay, and madcap Alexander,
(With others, like Scotch herrings, hung in strings,)
Or Homer's heroes, drowned in the Scamander,
Or that Albanian *merveilleux*, Iskander;
If ev'n Lord Mayors and Aldermen are "vanity,"
Why should'st thou see all sink?—the sole bystander.
Yet, what a puff of air is poor humanity!
I wish thou hadst not sunk, in sad and chill inanity.

XXXV.

Ah D——y, name of pleasant memory,
Of fire and frost, of folly and of reason!
Which shall thy tribute be, a smile or sigh?
Thou laugh, and terror, of the "London season,"
Telling to ladies, of their looks high-treason;
In love a prude, in politics a rake,
Making with Gr—y, and C—nn—ng, a *liaison*,
Dying a bachelor, for beauty's sake;
Clever and kind, and yet—thy life a long mistake.

XXXVI.

How oft I 've seen thee glancing down the tables,
Thinking aloud, reviewing all their belles.
—"That widow 's pretty, clearly sick of sables,
"Wasting upon that clownish boy her spells.
"I wonder, for how much his title sells:
"'Tis true, all mothers think him a trump-card!
—"Her neighbour's eye upon the ceiling tells,
"She walks by moonlight, and performs the *Bard*.
"I 'll ask her to take wine—An epic poem 's marred!

XXXVII.

—"'To wed or *not* to wed?'—*That* is the question.
"I 'll wed.—That showy girl is one of us:
"High born, high bred—I 'll venture the suggestion.
"Yet—English marriages make such a 'fuss;'
"Relations chatter, newspapers 'discuss;'
"Bad poets on one's name bad verses jingle.
"I 'd rather marry Dutch, or Swiss, or Russ:
"But then, their jargon makes one's fibres tingle.
"The sex *are* charming, but—I 'm charm-proof—I 'll live single."

XXXVIII.

Then, when the fair had vanished from the room,
And Commonplace sailed round on downy wings,
His brow would darken into sudden gloom,
Till the pent thought shot out its wayward stings:
—" I hate all characters in leading-strings;
" I like Br—gh—m's vigour, terseness, vehemence,
" When his fierce jests around the House he flings;
" (Provided always—not at *my* expense,)
" His hurricane of words, shrewd wit, and bile intense.

XXXIX.

" Jack R—ss—ll charms me, with his quiet air,
" His simple phrase, and purpose *undesign'd;*
" Smooth without languor, polished without glare;
" Feeling his way, until his coil is twined;
" Then, darting all his meaning on the mind!
" L—ndh—rst's is peerage-language—proud and bold;
" Yet proud howe'er the tongue, the heart is *kind;*
" (I *know* it, and the tale shall yet be told,)
" A heart unstain'd by power—a tongue unsway'd by gold.

XL.

" Ah, M—lb—rne ! pleasantest of pleasant men !
" Without an enemy, though *born* a wit.
" What caged thy pinion in the treasury den,
" In Fashion's gayest sunshine formed to flit?
" Apollo saved thee from the fate of Pitt.
" In six months more, thou would'st have spoil'd thy *style*,
" Grown *statesmanish*, and *never* made a hit;
" Nay, parted with (if *possible*) thy smile,
" And slept in state, and stone, in Westminster's old pile.

XLI.

" Dear M * * * * * * , in thy world of ormolu,
" Sleeping on rose-leaves, fed on turtle-soup;
" The *beau-ideal* of Life's 'chosen few!'
" What demon toss'd thee upon C—bd—n's croupe?
" Thou Cavalier amid that Roundhead troop!
" Take *my* advice, and sleep on rose-leaves still;
" Play Cleopatra on thy gilded poop;
" Breathe odours, toy with pencil, string, and quill,
" But cut (without delay) the Cyclops of the Mill!"

XLII.

Then a grim pause; then follows—"St—nl—y 's clever;
"Solid, yet bright—a diamond-facet mind.
"R—chm—nd talks gallantly. Young Gr—y for ever!
"Forgetting (*always*) that *we* have not dined.
"The DUKE! not Time itself that glance can blind;
"Far-sighted in debate as in the field;
"Still, '*en avant;*' he scorns to look behind:
"By Genius, Fame, and Fortune, triple-steel'd,
"Ev'n when repulsed at last, unknowing how to yield."

XLIII.

Then, through the alphabet he murmurs on;
"A.'s full-dress piety begins to flag;
"B.'s back-bench pungency is dead and gone,
"A wag at best, and *now* a worn-out wag;
"C.'s brains are empty as his briefless bag;
"D.'s but a bubble, water half, half air;
"E.'s eloquence is but a broidered rag;
"F.'s conscience is not worth a railroad share."—
The Oracle is dumb—*some* tremble, and *all* stare.

XLIV.

THE JOURNEY.

The landscape opens—One broad sheet of heath,
Spread, like a sea, in sunny-coloured swells;
Yielding beneath my wheels its fragrant breath.
Blue, in the distance, rise the peaked Estrelles,
The mountain rampart of the fairy dells,
Where Hyères nestles on its flowery shore;
And sweet, in snatches, comes the chime of bells,
From the brown convents on thy cliffs, Le Maure,
Mingling with forest sounds, and surges' mellowed roar.

XLV.

And now I climb the mountain defilè,
Seen like a thread of silver from below,
Winding by stunted shrub, and dwarfish tree,
And shattered rock, the work of storm and snow.
The ridge is gained—I feel the breezes blow,
Loaded with sudden scents of fruit and flower.
Far as the eye can glance, the billows glow,
In the full splendour of the sunset hour:
Earth, sea, and skies, one scene of beauty, peace and power.

XLVI.

I gaze a moment from the marble slope,
Then plunge down paths with thousand blossoms strown,
A labyrinth of rose and heliotrope;
A Paradise, by lavish Nature sown.
But, whence that shout? that trumpet's startling tone?
And hark! the thunder of the batteries,
Where Toulon sits upon her sea-girt throne:
The tri-colour on every steeple flies;
Till deepening twilight veils shore, sea, and crimson skies.

XLVII.

France is all extacy.—Her dogs bark louder;
The way-side hovel joins the general cheer;
The pedlar, by his donkey, marches prouder;
The beggar toasts the "triumph!" in his beer.
—"The Prince has riddled thy mud-walls, Tangier."
"Morocco 's ours," exclaims my lank postilion,
Casting behind a genuine Gallic sneer.
The hen-wife, jogging by, upon her pillion,
Cries out "Morocco 's ours." (I differ from the Million.)

XLVIII.

Those are tough subjects, those same Algerines;
Ill-horsed, ill-pursed, ill-armed, and black-japanned;
Not clever at composing Bulletins,
But, stubborn fighters for their rock and sand,
Long shots, and quick at sword-play, hand to hand:
Razzia for razzia—blood for blood, their barter;
Sowing with Gallic bones their sultry strand:
Not puzzling much their brains with Code, or Charter;
But teaching showy France, that she has "caught a Tartar."

XLIX.

But, let me give the portrait of their leader:—
Form, slight as woman's, delicate and low;
Who sees in this the fiery Abd-el-Keder?
A languid, hollow eye, voice soft, speech slow,
A holy Hadgi, scorning outward show;
Wearing no broidered robe, no jewelled crown—
But—rushing like a whirlwind on the foe.
The desert's burning sand, his bed of down;
One of those beings stamped by nature for renown.

L.

His simple dress, a black bernouse most holy,
Dipt in thy well of sanctity, Zem-zem:
From Mecca sent to hero-saintship solely,
Unsullied warriors, of the Prophet's stem;
Upon his hand a single signet-gem;
A country mantle, loosely round him drawn;
A lion's yellow fur his garment's hem:
Trotting beside his steed, a hound, or fawn.
Thus, to the life, you have the Desert's great Sultaun!

LI.

One tires of Europe—florid all, and *fade;*
Ev'n Turkey is, for me, *too* European.
Some of the prettiest feasts I 've ever had,
Were neither in Propontis nor Ægean;
But, where the lion roared the evening pæan,
And men, with faces black as English coals,
Sang songs that might have cheered the jovial Teian;
Though brandy never bathed their glowing souls.
(For brilliant fêtes like those, *we* live too near the Poles.)

LII.

I 've tried them.—If you love true luxury,
You once might have enjoyed it in Algiers:
Alas! the Bey's old banquets are gone by—
Unrivalled treats for palate, eyes, and ears.
A plague upon you both, Guizot and Thiers!
Still, the world 's wide, Morocco has Sherbet,
And, when you both have slumbered into Peers,
Or gone, where ministers no longer fret;
Long may her Turban wear its emerald-wreathed Aigrette.

LIII.

THE BANQUET.

I think, that I have seen the "Grand receptions,"
And shown my star at all the courts on earth,
(In Europe, half the Orders are deceptions)
Seen all the ugly, eminent for birth,
Known all the leading belles, in love, or mirth;
But this I *will* say, that the "savage" Moors,
Though of our novels they may have some dearth,
And know not much of claret, or chalked floors,
To Europe's best *cuisine*, are—"elegants," to boors!

LIV.

You enter a low door and reach a court,
All marble, rich with texts from the Korán,
(The lordly Moor loves wisdom, in his sport);
Upsprings a central fountain, like a fan,
Scattering its rose-dews on your outward man;
All round it, right and left, expand saloons,
Shaded with curtains, making noontide wan;
Black Venuses, all glittering with doubloons,
There meet you with a dance to most ferocious tunes.—

LV.

The master waits you in his presence-chamber,
A train of negroes lead you up the stair;
You see a hall of ivory and amber,
Hung round with gold-wrought pistols, pair by pair,
Greek musquetoons, and daggers rich and rare,
You tread on Persian carpets, sit on sables,
(The Moorman's limbs disdain our stiff-backed chair);
You lounge on silk divans, by crystal tables—
All looks a living scene of Araby's bright fables.

LVI.

But, to the banquet-room.—There smokes the mess,
That steals the heart of Christian, Turk, and Jew,
The exquisite pillau!—I must confess
That Europe never made a better stew—
(I leave the subject to the learned few.)
In this the Turk will always beat the Russians.
And, just as Sol is bidding Earth adieu,
We perch delightfully on velvet cushions—
Thus, with the marble floor avoiding all *percussions*.

LVII.

Now, (simply, for a lesson to our pride,)
Let me glance round, a moment, on the dishes,
That on and off the silver table glide,
As if a necromancer heard our wishes;
Ten kinds of soups, and twenty kinds of fishes;
Omelettes, *purées* and *pâtés*, without number,
(France, I 'm prepared, for all your "pshaws" and "pishes,"
Your Almanach, to this, is mere book-lumber),
Then comes the huge Meerschaum, half melting you to slumber.

LVIII.

The table 's cleared—Cuscussu, mild as milk,
(The perfect work of sugar, rice and cream,)
Lines all your feelings, like a suit of silk.
Rich scents of burning gums around you stream,
Then follow, songs, (the minstrels *sometimes* scream,)
Then, dances to their drums, (which *sometimes* stun,)
Making their dark eyes flash, their white teeth gleam,
(Tastes are still *native*, in this Land of Sun.)
Then follow fruits, *kabobs*,—the feast is but half done!

LIX.

But, all things end at last. *At last*, rose-water
Is poured by kneeling slaves upon your hands;
As if you were his Beyship's favourite daughter,
With fifty suitors waiting your commands.
Then come the coffee-cups, on pearl-wrought stands;
Exquisite Mocha! followed by the Pipe,
(Well worth the sceptre, in all Moslem lands.)
Last, gold-embroidered silks your forehead wipe;
Thus finishing a feast, Elysium's Moorish type!

LX.

Farewell, thou fiery soil of lion-fighters,
To softer scenes my rambling way I wend,
Exchanging turbans for Red-hats and Mitres;
Long beards, for "Toes," to which all spines must bend;
The land of monks, and souls for monks to mend;
Of purple lake, proud spire, and palace dome;
Of scenes by Titian painted, Dantè penn'd.
Ye "gentlemen, who live at ease at home,"
Accept for "London life," a sketch of "Life in Rome."

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

Page 150, line 10.

Medoc, thou charmer.

Medoc, the spot so famous for its clarets, is simply a long bank of pebbles and sand, on the side of the Garonne, and is a continuation of the sandy waste lying between Bordeaux and Bayonne, known as "The Landes."

Page 150, line 15.

Old Sir Samuel's Brands.

Sir S. Scott, proprietor of the Lafitte vineyard.

Page 151, line 1.

The Girondist.

The Deputies from this department, the Gironde, were regarded as the most eloquent members of the National Convention; but they were all destroyed at an early period of the Democracy. In revolutions, the tongue is always beaten by the dagger.

Page 153, line 4.

Schanze.

In German, fortress, or castle.

Page 153, line 10.

Prater.

The Hyde Park of Vienna.

Page 153, line 13.

Rosenthal.

The rose-valley.

Page 155, line 12.

Shonbrunn.

The summer palace of Vienna.

Page 158, line 5.

The Monolithe.

The column, of a single stone, surmounted with the statue of the Emperor Alexander.

Page 158, line 7.

The Taurida.

Once the palace of Potemkin.

Page 160, line 1.

Nismes.

The chief antiquities in Nismes are its Roman amphitheatre, and its Maison Carrèe, once a pagan temple, and still remarkable for the preservation and beauty of its architecture.

Page 160, line 9.

The Boucarée.

Here were executed the gallant leaders of the Camisards, in 1705.

Page 161, line 14.

Of Ravenel, Jouquet, and Cavalier.

Leaders of the Camisards, Protestant peasants of the Cevennes, forced into resistance by the determination of Louis XIV., in his old age, to extirpate protestantism, as an atonement for the profligacy of a life. The peasantry rose on the troops and the priesthood; and a bloody war followed, in which thirty thousand of the Camisards fell, and probably a still larger number of the soldiery. The Camisards were gradually rendered fierce and fanatical; but their persecution, like all religious persecutions, was an atrocious crime against common sense and common humanity. They defeated three French marshals, in succession, and were only cheated into submission by the fourth.

Page 165, line 1.

Brummell.

The name of this luckless being is introduced here, not in memory of his fashionable trifling, but of his *genius*. He originated a style; he impressed new thoughts by a new language. No matter how frivolous the purpose, the man who can do this, does more, and *is* more, than the million.

Page 171, line 4.

The peaked Estrelles.

The country guarded on the north by the range of the Estrelles and Les Maures, spreading from the foot of the range to the Mediterranean, is memorable for its almost tropical luxuriance.

Page 174, line 1.

Bernouse.

A Moorish cloak.

Page 174, line 2.

Zem-zem.

The sacred well at Mecca, in which Mahometans dip their arms, and portions of their clothing, in the idea of their being made impenetrable by the sword.

Page 178, line 1.

Cuscussu, mild as milk.

The universal *potage* of the Arabs, yet differing as widely in its composition as *soup maigre* from turtle. All depends on the *locale* in cuscussu, as in so many other things.

CANTO VII.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

I.

"Once on a day," as says the nursery rhyme;
There came to Rome, a strange, wild-looking man;
Handsome, yet stern; not old, yet past his prime.
The oddest rumours round the *salons* ran.
His visage wore the hue of Hindostan;
All thought, they knew, him; and yet, none knew *where;*
But, all agreed that, came he from Japan,
However *some* might shake their heads, or stare,
His "Gran' palazzo" stood in Rome's most princely square.

II.

The stranger made a marvellous "impression;"
The Cavalieri asked—his depth of purse;
The Signorine asked—his birth, profession;
Some thought he had a great estate at nurse;
Some thought him an "*escroc*," or something *worse!*
But then—the Stranger gave *such* charming dinners;
At play, too, he could handsomely disburse;
A thing, especially, which pleased the winners.
"We must not be *too* hard—the best of us are sinners."

III.

Still, dark reports would, now and then, transpire,
Of matters, done at night in his hotel;
His chimney-tops were seen to shoot blue fire;
Some found, in passing by, a sulphurous smell;
'Twas said, he laughed at priest, and book, and bell;
Nay scoffed, whene'er St. Peter's chimes were ringing.
At midnight, more than once, was heard a yell;
At least, the sound was anything but singing;
With roar of furnaces, and chains of iron swinging.

IV.

At all events, "whate'er *might* be his errors;"
All owned, he drove a splendid set of bays,
Pure Arab blood, with skins as bright as mirrors;
Besides, for highdays, and for holidays,
A carriage, carved and gilt beyond all praise;
With four tall footmen, and two "grands chasseurs;"
Producing on the Corso, quite a blaze:
The *very* virtuous called them "rabble lures;"
The young and pretty wished, to join them in their tours.

V.

At length, reports came thick; and certain measures,
(Old Inquisition touches,) were in *petto*,
To mulct the Stranger of his midnight pleasures;
—"The Swindler must be dungeon'd in the Ghetto."
Such was the verdict of Count Marmozetto,
Field-marshal to St. Peter and St. Paul.
Not so pronounced the Cardinal of Loretto,
(As fat a prelate, as e'er filled a stall,)
Not so, the Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Priests, and all.

VI.

In delicacy, I suppress *their* reasons;
(Your priests should tell, what only priests can know,)
But, the Confessional, at certain seasons,
Shriving the lapses of Rome's *comme il faut*,
Makes them familiar with—the "Courts below."
Here were no Jesuits, blowing hot and cold;
They stamped the Stranger black from top to toe—
A Fiend, despatched to ravage all their fold—
A Special Envoy, sent from—"Nicholas the old."

VII.

But, while they sat, in poured a shower of cards,
The Stranger's invitations to a fête;
It broke up all their conclave, like petards.
'Twas known his "*petits soupers*" were first-rate;
His Holiness himself showed no such plate;
His truffles were *suprême*, his wines delicious;
—"A banquet was no treason to the state."
"'Tis true, his character might *seem* suspicious,"
But,—who on earth e'er stopped, to ask, *who* was Apicius?

VIII.

Rome has some showy doings at her "festas;"
This banquet threw them all into eclipse;
Never were dreamed in Mahomet's *siestas*,
Draughts so luxurious, as now bathed their lips—
The cardinals' *rôtis* to his were chips;
The entremets, dessert, were all enchanting.
Then followed scenes, o'er which description skips.
At dawn, Count Marmozetto was "found wanting,"
A neckcloth (rather tight), 'twas said, had cured his taunting.

IX.

Then, came the bustle of his grand relations,
(All Counts are saints, of course, when once they're strangled.)
Ten Abbés made ten funeral orations;
In which the Stranger's morals were much mangled;
He brought ten actions—Rome's first lawyers wrangled—
The facts lost nothing in their "learned jaws:"
The sex, were quickly on both sides entangled,
(Those native lawyers, who fight best for straws.)
Till Chancery engulfed fees, damages, and cause.

X.

The proudest house in Rome, was the Valonna,
The Stranger boldly asked its daughter's hand;
The princess-mother vowed to the Madonna,
"She 'd sooner give her to the hangman's brand;"
The prince pronounced the suitor a "brigand."
The son resolved—"to break his spine down stairs;"
The twenty cousins—"asked but the command,
To stab him, 'if he *ever* went to prayers;'
Or, in the Tyber cool, for life, his love affairs."

XI.

Next morning, to the palace, came a box,
The Stranger's gift,—inscribed, "A marriage jewel."
The father swore "to clap him in the stocks,
On workhouse diet, chaff and water-gruel;"
The son new-edged his sabre for a duel.
The daughter—"only asked, *one* peep within—
To send it back unopened, might seem cruel."
The mother voted, "Diamonds were *no* sin."
The sex, on such nice points, are always sure to win.

XII.

A DIGRESSION ON DIAMONDS.

A few "last words" on diamonds—charm of thrones!—
Tempters of man, of woman, and of child!
Whether ye flash embossed on harem-zones,
Or rust, on Europe's old regalia piled,
Or cluster in your "caves and antres wild,"
Tell me, what are ye?—moonbeams crystalized;
Or glittering dust from comets' coach-wheels filed;
Or fragments of some Asteroïd demised?—
I never knew the belle, by whom ye were despised.

XIII.

I touch but their *elite*,—and first, the Regent,
Bought by old roué Orleans, sold by Pitt,
(Not Will the mighty,) the Bencoolen agent.
Pope said, the Indian finder had been bit,
(For which the Pittite should have caned the Wit.)
The gem next figured on Napoleon's sword;
Until the kings and queens of earth thought fit,
To crowns and civil lists to be restored;
And flung with one consent, the "Corporal" overboard!

XIV.

An emerald tinge just shades the Saxon gem;
Once the bright eye-ball of a golden cat,
Couched on a Rajah's spell-bound diadem,
Now, glittering in the monarch's opera-hat.
The Peishwa, when his courtiers played the rat,
(Not liking British bayonets in their backs,)
Left the Nassuc; some say, 'tis cut too flat.
I only know, 'twas worth a pair of lacs.
Those were gay days among *our* red-coated Cossacks.

XV.

The Austrian diamond figures, like Othello,
The handsomest dark thing you ever saw;
With one broad turban-stripe of golden yellow.
The Pigott shines on Egypt's old Pasha—
Your Turk regards those "high-caste" stones with awe,
As talismans for poison, lead, and steel;
No tiger on their wearer lays a paw;
No lion swallows him from head to heel;
Since Solomon the king, first wore a diamond seal!

XVI.

Pray, in whose coffers sleeps the Grand Nizam?
That dazzled all the court of George the Third;
When Nabob Hastings made his first *salám?*
(Your nabobs seldom have the world's good word.)
Where lurks the Breastplate of the magic bird,
Torn from the turban of the Great Mogul?
When Nadir's dashing horse to Delhi spurred,
Paving their road with many an Omrah's skull;
Macadamizing, for thy sturdy step, John Bull?

XVII.

Now, flit, across the mountains, to Lahore;
To see old, sly Runjeet's "three million" prize.
Diamond of diamonds! Earth's *one* Koh-i-noor!—
Matchless in weight, in water, and in size;
The wonder of a hundred million eyes!
(Forgive me all this jeweller's detail—
You 'll have it yet, in "Customs or Excise,"
Darting across the world by steam and rail:
I merely furnish now its London "bill of sale.")

XVIII.

But, to its story—(all those *magnifiques*,
In Indian jewel-annals have a story)—
The Noor, long ere the Romans and the Greeks,
Blazed on an idol's brow, the Temple's glory,
Guarded by maidens black, and Brahmins hoary;
Till, down on India rushed the Persian Khan,
Leaving some hundred thousand saddles gory;
Then, came the robbers' robber, the Affghan.
(Some pretty pickings still remain in Hindostan.)

XIX.

Then, when Shah Soojah—"Dust be on his mother!
Burnt be his father!"—tottered from his throne;
(Those vagrants should be left to slice each other,
Our wisest plan is, letting them alone!)
He packed up the crown jewels, every stone;
Then, from his subjects beat a quick retreat,
(A trick not *quite* to Europe's kings unknown,)
A neck-and-neck affair: he won the heat,
And ran to hide his head with cunning old Runjeet.

XX.

The Rajah panted to possess the Noor;
The Shah resolved, to keep it from his host;
The Rajah simply chained him to the floor,
(Humanity had always been his boast!)
Next day, Shah Soojah missed his boiled and roast!
He (yet) was neither poisoned, hanged, nor drowned.
Next week, his regimen was tea and toast!
Each day, they asked him, "was the jewel found?"
The Shah's affairs, and shape, by no means "getting round."

XXI.

Next week, the tea and toast alike were "*nil;*"
The famished Shah now scribbled, roared, and whined.
The Rajah sent him a gilt dinner-pill!
The Shah was still convinced, he had *not* dined.
The gem was still—"beyond all hope to find."
Though now you might make purses of his skin.
For death the Indian had made up his mind.
Runjeet, at last, bethought him, how to win:
A pudding passed his grate—the Shah at once gave in!

XXII.

The box was opened; it contained two sets;
One for the princess-mother, one the daughter.
The ladies vowed, that both were "downright pets!"
"Never had eyes seen brilliants of such water!"
The gallant son postponed his plans of slaughter;
The father "found the stones without a flaw;
But then, the sneering world would say he bought her."
The mother "for the world cared not a straw."
The Stranger was declared, Valonna's son-in-law!

XXIII.

The Roman dames all hurried to Confession;
The new *mésalliance* raised a general moan;
The monks pronounced the whole a "plain *possession*."
It was a "horror" to Marchese Trombone!
It "shocked the soul" of Duca Pantalone!
It clothed in sackcloth all the tribes of "Ninny!"
The rumour plunged in "agonies unknown,"
All the Filchini, all the Cigarini!
Nay, almost killed the "Gran' Duchessa Fantocini!"

XXIV.

The twenty cousins now grew more outrageous,
(*No* ducats having come, to cool their rage.)
Pronounced the Stranger's very touch "contagious,"
And met, to pledge themselves the war to wage,
"Until they drove the 'Sorcerer' off the stage."
The Stranger challenged the whole clique that night;
Next morning, each could tell a *tour de page*,
Some had been stript, some pumped, some flogged outright,
All Rome laughed long and loud,—the *heroes* took to flight.

XXV.

The wedding came: the walls were hung with flowers;
The streets were lined with horse and halberdier.
First, rode the valets, scattering coin in showers;
Then, with a troop of nobles, front and rear,
The bridal carriage, hailed with many a cheer,
Clustered with pages.—But, the man was bold
Who gazed upon the spectral dancers there,
Painted upon its sides of glass and gold!
Never had such four wheels o'er Roman pavements rolled.

XXVI.

A DIGRESSION ON COACHES.

I have been long a connoisseur in coaches;
Not, your trim, varnished, citizen affairs;
Your Stanhopes, Clarences—Taste's last reproaches!
Consumptive cousins to your "chaise-and-pairs!"
Nor your huge, tumbril things, like my Lord Mayor's,
Lumbered with old-world finery, carved and gilt;
Britain at top, with Tritons at their prayers;
Ireland in trousers; Scotland in her kilt;
Simply a six-horse wain, with an embroidered tilt!

XXVII.

I liked the phaëton—it marked the age.
What if it sometimes broke a noble neck;
Twas showy—'twas like dying on the stage;
Or, by court-martial, on the quarter-deck!
Then, came the four-in-hand; and went—to wreck!
Then, the gay curricle.—Alas! Queen Mab,
Sovereign of whips! with Fashion at thy beck,
Why didst thou suffer in thy realms the cab?
Fit but for pedlars, quacks, and the meek men of drab!

XXVIII.

France! for your royal coach I can't say much:
'Tis spruce, but modern, like your monarchy;
The crown and sceptre trembling at a touch.
I much prefer old Austria's gilt goose-pie.
But still, the finest thing that met my eye,
Was Spain's; now mouldering in Valençay's stables;
A genuine emblem of the days gone by:
Like an old golden house, with all its gables,
Covered with nymphs and sylphs, from Ovid's gayest fables.

XXIX.

But, to its points—I love to be particular,
In great affairs, like carriages of kings.
Royal the back, you must sit perpendicular,
(Comfort and kingship are two different things;)
Its pannels all a blaze of quarterings
Of kingdoms, which long since have bid adieu:
Caged pigeons, that no sooner felt their wings,
Than, turned to kites and falcons, off they flew:
Belgium and Portugal, stout Holland, wild Peru!

XXX.

Naples, thy Coach has failed to touch my heart:
Send to Long-Acre, monarch, if thou 'rt wise,
And give thy dogs thy lazzaroni-*cart!*
The Pope *has* taste; his holy coach outvies
All toys that ever charmed Italian eyes;
But finer to those eyes, than flags unfurled,
Than crosiers, keys, and Saintly blazonries;
Are its six valets' perukes, Jove-like curled—
Its Jehu's monster-wig, the wonder of the world.

XXXI.

I think Soult's coach the prettiest one remembers,
In all the glitter of the coronation;
When, to prevent the blowing of the embers,
(*La France* all longing for the conflagration,)
The veteran came, to make his *last* oration.
Expecting to be roasted like a poult;
Heading his will—"In case of my cremation!
Yet, of a feather not compelled to moult;
But, welcomed by John Bull with—"Hurrah! brave old Soult!"

XXXII.

'Tis odd, those Frenchmen *never* know John Bull;
Have never known him, and will never know.
They think the honest fellow's honest skull
Paints, like their own, all things, *en laid, en beau;*
Always in extacies, of joy or woe!
They little dream, how quickly John forgets,
Whether he helps a friend, or flogs a foe—
The thing is past; he neither crows, nor frets;
Goes on, and thinks no more of triumphs—than of threats.

XXXIII.

The Stranger issued, on his wedding-day,
Cards for a supper and a masquerade.
The monks advised their penitents, to stay,
—"At least, until the demon should be laid."
The women all were piously "afraid!"
But, let the Sex be once upon the scent,
What power can stop them, widow, wife, or maid?
—"How could they help, how people made their rent?
"A fête was still a fête!"—And so, *en masse,* they went!

XXXIV.

The Romans are renowned for masquerades;
But this eclipsed them all—ten grand saloons
Were filled with masquers, of all shapes and shades;
Witches and watchmen, cardinals, buffoons;
Jewelled pashās, all whiskers and half-moons;
Dwarfs in plate armour; babies six feet high;
Muftis, magicians, crocodiles, baboons;
Nymphs from the waves, and sylphids from the sky,
Winning, with smile and song, the soul of a goose-pye!

XXXV.

There, groups were whirling in the prettiest dances;
The wild Fulana of the Calabrese;
The Monferrina, with its lovesick glances;
Its flying fair, and lover on his knees;
The Tarantella, music's charmed disease,
Gay, melancholy; loving, love-defying;
The Piva, piping from the Pyrenees,
(Its music imitates the breeze's sighing,)
The Torresconè's "Round," all waltzing, bounding, flying!

XXXVI.

Then came "*Les Grandes Quadrilles,*"—a Pulk of Tartars,
En Galopade, as wild as their own Crim;
Next, *La Jeune France,* armed cap-a-pie with charters,
Dancing—with fetters upon every limb.
La Jeune Allemagne, slow, spectacled, and grim,
Meerschaum in mouth, Voltaire's top-heavy scholars.
Young Turkey, breeched and fez'd, in Mahmood's trim.
Young England, with white vest, and Byron-collars.
Last, *Young* America, all decked with British dollars.

XXXVII.

'Twas midnight.—All was dance, and song, and rapture;
All, dazzling as an Oriental dream;
When, sudden sounds were heard, of fight, and capture;—
They died away.—Then rose a savage scream;
Forthwith, to all the doors the living stream
Hurried pell-mell.—Then riot had its fling;
Stilettoes, in foul hands, were seen to gleam.
A masked banditti, snatched at, watch and ring.
(*Some* thought the stranger's self was foremost plundering.)

XXXVIII.

Next morn, all Rome was in a general wail;—
All had been rifled of some favourite jewel;
Some lost a turban, and some lost a tail.
(The rage of gossips never wants for fuel.)
All whispered, (plainer speech might cost a duel,)
That, as the chandeliers began to crash,
They saw a visage, leering, and yet cruel,
Just at the moment when they lost their cash;
A goblin's long-horned face, dart by them, like a flash!

XXXIX.

The wonder had not passed its due "nine days,"
(The wedding feasts the Cardinals still *fêteing*,)
When, one fine night, all Rome was in a blaze;
The fire-bells ringing, the alarm-drums beating;
All the thermometers to 90 heating;
The streets, a flying mob of nun and friar;
The metal saints in every chapel sweating;
Flames shooting up from every roof and spire.
Since Nero, Rome had seen no more hard-working fire.

XL.

"In sooth, it was a showy sight to see,"
(I use bard-language), Rome, by her own light,
One flush of flame on church, and tower, and tree;
The Scarlet lady, *scarlatized* by night,—
The Tyber's slimy banks, the Pincian's height,
Showing, by fits and starts, their half-dressed crowd;
St. Peter's, like a molten mountain, bright;
St. Angelo's angel, gleaming through his cloud;
The Coliseum's pile, a giant in his shroud!

XLI.

One point, at least, *was* certain,—that the flames,
Were *first* seen bursting from the stranger's roof.
The Roman mob are clever at hard names,
Their softest, on that night, was "cloven hoof;"
But, all took special care, to stand aloof:
Vowing they saw the oddest figures glancing,
Through all the flames, with horns and tails fire-proof;
Some, riding broomsticks; some, on pokers prancing:
Imps, witches, goblins, gouls—in full-dress sulphur dancing!

XLII.

Rome has no chimney-sweepers.—She relies,
In conflagration-cases, on St. Peter.
Give *him* but time, the conflagration dies!
Than this no miracle could be completer.
The stranger's palace fell, in fumes and fœtor.
The Jews, next morning, dug out crucibles;
Also, in fifty fragments, a gas-meter,
Stamps, dies, and packets of all kinds of fusibles;
(Witchcraft, and *worse*, from those, were plain deducibles!)

XLIII.

Furious suspicion on the stranger fell!
Within twelve hours the Grand Inquisitor
Paid him a visit in his new hotel;
Leaving the Sbirri planted at his door.
Whate'er the interview, 'twas quickly o'er,
The stranger went, to take his daily drive;
His visitor was found upon the floor,
Dead, e'er the priest could come, his soul to shrive.
'Twas clear, the bees stung sharp, which clustered in that hive.

XLIV.

All now was fright. A Grand Inquisitor,
"Jerked under the fifth rib," was somewhat new.
The witnesses, upon the inquest, swore
It must be done by *him*, or by his crew.
But, *who* was *he?* No living creature knew.
Some thought him "cousin to the Witch of Endor,"
Some thought he was, at least, "the Wandering Jew,"
Some thought him "Belzebub's chief money-lender;
One thing was plain, in Rome none lived in greater splendor.

XLV.

His style was now, the "cool magnanimous."
—"*He* scorned to give Rome's gossips a denial.
"*He* knew the venom of the monkish *animus*.
"His rapier, to the rest was his defial.
"He asked but of the state, a public trial."—
The trial came. (The pleadings are omitted.)
A purse, 'twas said, ere day had touched the dial,
Was to each Judge's conscience duly fitted.
The stranger marched from court, "triumphantly acquitted!"

XLVI.

Some said; who watched him through the day, in court;
That his deep eyeballs almost shot a blaze.
Some, that his huge, hooked nose, in spite, or sport,
Curled, like ram's horns, before their very gaze.
Some, that his lips were twirled in such wild ways,
They made one shudder, while they made one laugh.
All, that he kept the Judges in amaze,
Looking much more the butcher, than the calf.
(*My* rule, in things like these, is, to believe one half.)

XLVII.

He now dashed on, at Fashion's double speed.
"Demon or man," he gave "delightful routs."
None longer asked his country, or his creed.
His noble borrowers resigned all doubts.
The rabble hung upon his wheels with shouts.
The Monsignori washed him of his sins.
Even belles, beneath his smiles, forgot their pouts;
So gallantly he showered his gold zechins.
(Earth 's a teetotum, which old Mammon's finger spins.)

XLVIII.

The very well-bred world is not *too* nice;
Its science is, to lead an easy life.
Nature abhors, in all things, the *precise.*
Bon ton detests the Stoic's pruning knife.
If woman errs, what then—"Is she *your* wife?"
If man—"Are *you* his spiritual director?"
Enjoy their feasts; why dabble in their strife?
Shut both your eyes. "Who made *you* their inspector?
Must all the world perform Andromache and Hector?"

XLIX.

Yet, still the rumours, thick and thicker flew,
Of midnight sounds, and "deeds without a name."
'Twas marked, the stranger *never* wore a shoe!
Even at his marriage feast 'twas all the same;
Yet his bold stride was anything but lame.
But, what dyed double-black, the blackest story,
Was, that, one night, he won at every game;
Breaking the bank, and all its *Monsignori;*
Proof to all Roman eyes, of fiendship, *a priori.*

L.

Some would "pluck up the evil by the roots,"
And talked of "burning," with Rome's ancient vigour.
Some would begin by "ripping off his boots,"
But then, the stranger was a dashing figure,
A well-known *artiste* at the sword and trigger.
The man whose bullet hits the ace of spades,
Requires *some* prudence, mingled with one's rigour;
Your monks, besides, can work at safer trades,
Than English pistol shots, or sharp Toledo blades.

LI.

But, suddenly, 'twas found, the cash of Rome
Rang *rather* oddly, and looked *rather* queer;
The stranger, too, was seldomer "at home,"
He wore a darker frown, and fiercer sneer.
The Jews were gathering up their bills, in fear.
Scudi of copper, and *pistoles* of tin,
Began, in tens of thousands, to appear;
Monks knit the brow, and Rabbis shook the chin;
—Rome, treasury and all,—was not worth a zechin!

LII.

The guards were sent, quick-march, to seize the Stranger;
The Stranger had out-marched them, and was gone!
They hunted his hotel, from roof to manger,
They might as well have let the deed alone.
Whate'er *he* was, in Rome was never known!
Some think him, but a Coiner with his Mill,
(The antiquarian's teeth still gnaw that bone.)
Some have it, that he was a "shape of ill."
Nay, some will take their oaths, he 's working in Rome still!

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

Page 191, line 1.

Diamonds, charm of thrones.

The great diamonds are few, and chiefly in the possession of sovereigns.

Page 191, line 9.

Asteroid.

One of the system of minor planets, supposed to be thrown off from the larger.

Page 191, line 11.

The Regent.

Once called the Pitt diamond, probably the finest brilliant in Europe. It was sold by Pitt, Governor of Bencoolen, to the Regent Orleans, for 135,000*l.* sterling, and is said to be worth nearly half a million.

Page 191, line 14.

Pope said.

"Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
A cunning factor stole a gem away."
&c. &c. &c.

Sir Balaam.

Page 192, line 1.

The Saxon gem.

A large brilliant, but of a greenish tinge, worn by the king of Saxony as a button in his dress hat.

Page 192, line 7.

The Nassuc.

A fine diamond, taken in the baggage of the Peishwa, during the Mahratta war, valued at 30,000*l.*

Page 192, line 10.

The Austrian.

Is tinged with yellow; yet a fine diamond.

Page 192, line 13.

The Pigott.

Said to have been sold for 30,000*l.*, but valued at ten thousand more.

Page 193, line 1.

The Grand Nizam.

A diamond weighing 101 carats, brought to England by Warren Hastings.

Page 193, line 5.

The Breastplate.

The Mogul diamond, of great size, lost in the Persian invasion.

Page 193, line 12.

Earth's one Koh-i-Noor.

The most famous of Indian diamonds, in our day. After going through the hands of various chiefs, it became the property of Shah Soojah, who carried it with him in his flight to Lahore. The Rajah Runjeet, resolving to obtain possession of this memorable jewel, imprisoned the Shah, and *famished* him, until he gave up the Koh-i-Noor (Mountain of Light).

Page 200, line 4.

His Holiness's state coach is as handsome as his Neapolitan neighbour's is the contrary. Nothing tries the loyalty of the *noblesse* of Parthenope so severely on public days. The chief delight of Rome, however, is in the monstrosity of the powdered and hatless periwigs of the Pope's coachman and footmen.

Page 207, line 2.

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"Jerked under the fifth rib."

Othello.

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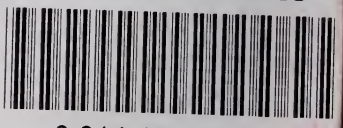
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